# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

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## *THE SITUATION.*

LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 8, 1868.

DEAR STANDARD: The failure of impeaching the White House traitor—the peremptory and causeless removal of District Commanders, men of tried loyalty and patriotism—the continued high premium on gold—the shifty condition of our national credit—the revival of the Democratic party in old Republican States—the re-enforcement of negro hatred, and the "masterly inactivity," or, rather, *silent activity* of the enemies of Congress, North and South—all these, and many other forebodings no less apparent, which daily "cast their shadows forward"—proclaim, in terrible language, that the Rebellion is not ended, and that there are "breakers ahead" which threaten not only the loyal masses of all colors and races, but the ultimate overthrow of our government.

The surrender of Lee was a mere flag of truce—a forced armistice, in order to enable the hosts of Democracy to change their base of operation. Andrew Johnson is no longer coiled behind the old screen of the Constitution, plotting the downfall of the Republic; this is no longer necessary. He has come out boldly, with as much daring as Hector had before Troy, saying, "*I* am the Constitution and government, and *I* will beat down whatever is contrary to my proclivities." Such was the last edict of the vulgar Pretender, who should have long since been impeached and deposed from office.

The day is not far distant when this nation will find out to its great sorrow that its magnanimity to traitors has been a crime—a crime to the great cause of Humanity and Justice, and an eternal clog to the perpetuity of our republican nationality.

The rebel confederacy only failed because its strong Northern ally, the Democratic party, was disorganized through the unexpected loyalty of Stephen A. Douglas. Whether its failure is merely temporary, remains to be seen.

Congress may pass as many condemnatory resolutions as it please; they will not affect nor cripple Johnson in the least. His immense patronage has caused them to hoist the white flag; and now he defies them with contempt and insolence. He has succeeded in planning a powerful reactionary scheme—a scheme well organized and wide-spread—harmonious in its evil tendency, and rising with a fatal simultaneous power. This terrible reaction is coming upon us like an Alpine avalanche from every border of the Republic, and is destined to rule or ruin. It has written on its black banner the "Little Giant's" dogma of a white man's government, and that the negro's rights must come through the white man's sympathy.

To-day treason is triumphant at the White House, while loyalty shrieks in one-half of the country.

Reconstruction is a mere farce under the supervision of Andrew Johnson; and there is every reason to believe that the constitutions to be framed by the various Reconstruction Conventions will be defeated through the aid of his military agents, unless Congress makes material changes in the enabling acts. And these changes must be made quickly. All that seems necessary is to put the whole work under Grant's immediate control. Let Sheridan, Pope and Sickles be returned immediately to finish their noble work. If this is done, the country will be safe; the Republican party will be perpetuated, and the negro will be permanently ingrafted as an integral part of the whole body politic of this country.

A "Constitutional Union party" was organized a few days ago in the notorious rebel rendezvous, the St. Charles Hotel. This party pledges itself to defeat the Constitution when submitted for ratification. Its organ, the New Orleans *Times*, calls on Gen. Hancock to reopen the registration, and says there is a cheering indication from all parts of the State that the planters will be successful in preventing thousands of negro laborers from voting in favor of the Constitution. So we may expect a warm contest; money will flow freely; and we have reason to fear that Gen. Hancock will give them material aid. But this should not surprise us; it is the chief part of Johnson's programme, and unless Congress comes to the rescue, we will again be remanded to rebel despotism.

J. M. Langston, of Ohio, is with us, and doing good service to the cause of Reconstruction. He has made several speeches in this city, all of which were well received and duly appreciated by all classes and colors. The Convention seems to be behind time in framing a Constitution; there is a conservative element in it which is making marked success in confusing and delaying the formation of the new Constitution. A powerful outside pressure is brought to bear upon the Radical members, and it is expected that the Constitution will be completed within a week. There is a warm contest about the Governorship. Durant and Warmoth seem to be the most prominent names for this position, but the impression that Mr. Durant will be elected to the United States Senate seems to give Mr. Warmoth the inside track. The State nominating Convention meets on the 13th inst., and I fear there will be a split in the camp. If this takes place, the rebels will be masters of the situation, and then,

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us."

J. WILLIS MENARD.

THE LAST FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—In November, 1862, the 22d Wisconsin was encamped near Lexington, Ky., where, in a severe snow-storm, one night, a small negro boy was brought to Col. Utley's tent, barefoot and with not clothing enough, Col. U. said, "to wad a gun." Some days after, the Colonel was waited upon by a portly old gentleman, who came in an elegant carriage, and announced himself as Judge Robertson, of the Kentucky Supreme Court. He produced an order from Gen. Colbourn, commanding the brigade, permitting him to enter the lines and get a boy that he claimed. Col. U. told him he did not allow negro-hunters to ransack his camp; but, if the boy was there, and voluntarily chose to go with the Judge, there would be no interference. The boy refused to go, asserting that he had been whipped, and starved, and overworked, and then hired to an Irishman, who found him too small for his work but swore to whip it out of him.

Finally, he ran away in the woods, and lived on black-walnuts till the snow came, when he sought protection among the soldiers. The Judge declared he lied; but he told so straight a story that all who heard the conversation believed the boy Col. Utley finally told the Judge, "I don't think you can get that boy. If you think you can, there he is—try it. I shall have nothing to do with it." There were a good many 22d boys standing about, and the Judge concluded not to try it. The Judge was as good as his word, and has obtained a judgment against the Union officer in a Kentucky court, with vindictive damages assessed by a Kentucky jury, and now proposes to enforce the judgment in Wisconsin. The Wisconsin people do not mean to let it be collected. We shall see.—*Independent.*

## *THE SUPREME COURT AND THE DEMOCRACY.*

From The Adams (Mass.) Transcript.

THE course of the Democratic party towards the national Supreme Court illustrates its change of character and purpose. In the "earlier days," the Supreme Court was watched with constant vigilance and its assumptions and encroachments subjects of exposure and warning. The claim that the court was superior to Congress and the Executive upon political questions, was boldly denied and resisted. "I should greatly prefer, as you do," said Jefferson, in his letter to Judge Johnson, March 4, 1823, "four judges to any greater number. Great lawyers are not over-abundant, and the multiplication of judges only enables the weak to outvote the wise; and three concurrent opinions out of four gives a strong presumption of right." In his letter to Mr. Jarvis, of September 28, 1820, he said: "You seem to consider the judges as ultimate arbiters of all constitutional questions; a very dangerous doctrine indeed, and one which would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy. Our judges are as honest as other men, and not more so. They have with others the same passions for party, for power, and the privilege of their corps. Their maxim is '*boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem*,' and their power the more dangerous, as they are in office for life, and not responsible as the other functionaries are, to the elective control. The Constitution has elected no such single tribunal, knowing that to whatever hands confided, with the corruptions of time and party its members would become despots." This sounds very much like the talk of a modern Radical. If Jefferson was living to-day, he would be chief of the Radicals and the supreme object of Democratic attack and denunciation. But read what General Jackson said of this court and its powers. In his veto message on the Bank bill, Jackson said: "The opinion of the judges has no more authority over Congress than the opinion of Congress has over the judges. * * The authority of the Supreme Court must not, therefore, be permitted to control the Congress or the Executive when acting in their legislative capacities, but to have only such influence as the force of their reasoning may deserve." When Bingham of Ohio uttered in substance the same doctrine in the House the other day, the Democratic papers denounced it as an attack upon the sacred, constitutional functions of the Court. What was Democratic under Jefferson and Jackson is now rank Radicalism. In this change of opinion and position the modern Democracy is only consistently continuing an apostacy commenced long ago. They repudiated the doctrines of Jefferson upon the question of slavery years before the war, and became the main support of the slaveholders in their monstrous pretensions and usurpations. Now they are following Johnson and the traitors in a new attempt to clothe the members of this Court with despotic powers and rob the legislative department of its constitutional functions. There is something startling in this attempt and it should excite the deepest alarm at this critical juncture of affairs. Johnson sees that Congress must triumph in spite of his vetoes, his patronage and his usurpations. Reconstruction still goes on. The rebels are still without power and their States still excluded from the national legislature. As a last resort they fly to the Supreme Court for relief and it is given out that a majority of the judges will decide in favor of the rebels and against Congress. Thus a nation and its chosen representatives are to be cheated of victory, and its unpunished traitors and foes restored to more than former power. This is the claim—that a majority of one, in a bench of eight judges, can overrule the will of the American people upon the momentous issue of national reconstruction and give success to Andrew Johnson and his policy. Alexander H. Stephens said to the Georgia Convention: "We have always required a majority of the judges of the Supreme Court, although more than three-fourths of the business in court comes from the free States. This we have required in order that their decisions upon Constitutional questions shall be in our favor." There remain still upon this bench several representatives of that slaveholding era, who are ready and eager to cover with the shield of judicial construction the most extreme dogmas of treason and slavery. Well may Congress rise against this impending danger! Well may the people stand by their agents and champions! That one man, be he judge or President, can fix the conditions of the future union and government of this country, is the most abhorrent pretention yet born of the rebellion.

## *THE FREEDMEN.*

WE have received the Report of the Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands for the year 1867; and, as is our custom, present a short abstract of its contents. A summary of the class of unfortunates among the freedmen in the Bureau districts foots up as follows: Blind, 1,400; deaf and dumb, 414; idiotic, 1,131; insane, 552; club foot, 251; deformed, 98; maimed, 247; with chronic disease, 517. Expended for medical purposes about, $300,000. $691,348 rations have been issued to refugees, and $3,504,629 to freedmen. The term rations in this case means one bushel of corn and eight pounds of pork per month. The amount of funds in the possession of the Bureau August 31st, 1867, was $8,009,143 46. The Report mentions some of the abuses sanctioned under the infamous "apprenticeship laws" of Maryland. As these laws are construed, children are often taken and bound out, though able to support themselves and their parents. Colored women are thrust in the same room in jail with men. Judge Bond, of Baltimore, being in the habit of granting writs of *habeas corpus* in such cases, the General Assembly of the State passed a law depriving him of the power to do so. In Virginia the condition of the freedmen is more favorable than in some other States; though they suffer some from the difficulties which are opposed to their purchase of land, and the enormous rental charged for it. They have already their normal schools at Richmond, Hampton, and Rippen Hall. In North Carolina the freedmen have bought a great many farms, and are cultivating them with energy and success. The "regulators" who once infested the State are dispersed, and order prevails. There are in operation 156 schools. In South Carolina the freedmen could have no protection from the civil authorities, and suffered much from the "dead-heads." These things have changed for the better, "the political position of the freedmen giving him an importance in the opinion of the whites which he never before enjoyed." The use of the military, and the appointment of colored policemen at many points have done much to restore peace and order. The defrauding of discharged colored soldiers by agents has been checked by the Bureau officers. In Georgia, since the matter of discharging colored soldiers without their pay has been remedied by the Bureau, there has been good progress made. Hospitals have been established at various points, and dispensaries opened. A school building is being erected at Savannah, to cost $10,000, one at Athens, $4,000, and one at Atlanta, $2,500. In Florida, the freedmen are prospering finely, locating homesteads, or working on "shares." Yet they are taxed to support schools they are not permitted to attend, and any one teaching colored children without first obtaining a State license for one year, is liable to a fine of from $100 to $500. In Alabama, the freedmen were subjected to the apprenticeship and chain-gang laws. These abuses have been rectified, and the freedmen have access to the jury-box and the lower departments of public service, through the influence of the ballot. The abuses of freedmen are more common in Louisiana than almost any other State. This class paid in 1866, the sum of $84,000 to support schools from which they were excluded. Improvement in these matters is confidently expected. Texas has become notorious for its murders and cruel treatment of the freedmen whom its labor laws, but for the Bureau, would reduce to the condition of peons; but the condition of affairs is much better than it was a few months ago. Kentucky is at the present time the most oppressive State to the freedmen. The cases of cruelty and fraud outnumber even those of Texas. The Civil Rights bill is virtually a dead letter. Special taxes are levied on colored men, colored children apprenticed, and $100,000 collected from the freedmen for schools, while such schools have been opened in only two districts. Five thousand colored children attend school, and thirty thousand are growing up in ignorance. The Legislature has passed an act permitting, but not enforcing, the founding of schools for this class. —*The Colored Citizen.*

## *THE REJECTION OF JUDGE THOMAS.*

From the Boston Commonwealth.

THE rejection of Judge Thomas was consummated on Friday afternoon lsst by a vote of five to four, viz: for—Messrs. Brayton, Harvey, Knight and Talbot; against—Lt.-Gov. Claflin, and Messrs. Adams, Endicott, Usher and Welch. Seldom has there been so much interest on a question as on this. The corridors and ante-rooms of the State House were crowded day after day with the partisans of either side. The P. L. L. entered the lists, and their leading men favored Thomas. When it was found that Mr. Rice was to be superseded at the Board by Mr. Welch, the interest heightened. His vote would make a Chief-Justice of Massachusetts, and he was, of course, the object of main attention. Other members were remonstrated with, threatened, coaxed and flattered in turn; but Welch was taken *ri et armis* by both sides respectively. On the first occasion, the night before he was qualified, he was in the hands of Thomas, Bullock & Co., and by them dined and wined, etc., when they supposed they had him. The next night, the other side, with the "Atlantic Club" bringing its whole power to bear on him, were equally indefatigable and solicitous. Being the senior partner of the house of Welch, Bigelow & Co., which does the printing for Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, that firm, having a regard for Judge Hoar, as the friend of their Concord writers, with all its friends, were strenuous that Thomas should be defeated. To this end, through the solicitations of a townsman and friend, Welch was kept in town over night, that he might not be contaminated by insidious counsels at the last moment. It is said he then was induced to write a letter to the Governor declaring he could not sustain the nomination as he had promised. In this frame of mind he remained until the vote was taken, when he came up bright and sterling as above. The Governor made an address, giving his reasons for the nomination and confirmation of Thomas; but the latter at no time moved to relieve the Council from its difficulty by offering to take his name out of the way, as at least one of the Council who voted for him would have been glad to have had him done. The Governor showed pluck and determination in adhering to the nomination after it was made. The result, however, cannot be doubted as the wish of three-quarters of the Republicans of the State.

## *NASBY ON THE SITUATION.*

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky)
January 11, 1868.

THE time hez at length arriv when it's necessary that suthin be did. Procrastinashen is the buster uv success, and great excellence is only to be attained through great labor. In the tuff fite that the Dimocrisy hez afore it, uv wich the premonitory notes is now bein soundid, it is wisdom not to lose any chances in success, or to neglect anything that wood hev a tendency to aid us on to victry.

Mankind, or at least three-fourths uv em, are dividid up into two classes, viz.: Rascals and ninnies, and I make bold to say the Republikin party is the ninnies. They hev a certain kind uv courage. I don't deny that doorin the late onpleasantnis they faced batteries and sich, tolerably well, but their nerve all endid with that. They expendid theirselves a carryin on the war, and become too eggsaustid in doin it to pick up the plunder, or to take good care uv their prisoners.

The next campane is to be fought on two isshoos only, viz.: the finances and the nigger, and on both the Democrisy is especially strong. Ez Demokrats, on an average, don't pay taxes to any alarmin extent, they are pekoolyarly sensitive on the subjick. Among no class do I find sich ardent advocates uv paying the bonds off in greenbax. Only last nite in Looisville, I heerd one who wuz a leanin up agin the bar uv the S'loon I paternize, assert with fervor, that the money good enuff for the labrer, wuz good enuff for the bloated bondholder, and that for his part he hed vowed never to pay another dollar in taxes to swell the estates uv those purse-proud aristocrats. After givin expression to sich a patriotic defiance, cood I refuse to lend him the ten cents he desired to assuage the thirst that wuz consoomin him? No! I did it and he tu wunst assuaged. The fact that he attempted to pick my pocket uv my handkercher ez I passed him, while it shows a moral twist in his nacher, don't detract anything from the soundnis uv his posishen on the great question uv finances.

The nigger is, however, our best and strongest holt. The Democrat may not precisely understand the finanshel question, or not havin any bonds to be paid, or greenbax to pay 'em with, he may possibly not care a continental cuss about it. But on the nigger he is alluz alive, alluz active, alluz vigilant. Whenever he is brot face to face with a nigger, his proud Caucassian blood tu wunst rebels, and he instinktively strikes. And the Republican is jest ez sensitive on these questions ez the Democrat. Doorin the war, when they wanted em, ther wuz a tendency toward looking more favorably onto em, but that is all faded out. The nigger who wuz a very Apollo in ther eyes, when clad in bloo, and with a musket on his shoulder, is, now that he ain't needed tu stand atween a white man and a rebel bullet, the same d—d nigger he alluz wuz, and nothin more.

* * * * * *

For the guidancy uv the Democrisy North I wood say that we hev commenced our campane. We are jist now engaged in fixin the niggers in our midst, so that we kin hold him up next year ez a awful example afore an astounded world. We hev organized all thro Kentucky, and are pushin it thro the other States ez rapidly ez possible, lergues uv property owners for their protection in the matter uv labor. We hev agreed and we mootually pledge too each other, our words and sacred honors, suthin ez follers:

1. No nigger shel be permitted, under any pretext watever, to lease or buy any ground whatsoever.

2. No nigger shell be employed upon any plantashen onless he kin show from his last employer a certifikit settin forth, 1. That he is humble. 2. That he can't read. 3. That he regards it ez his dooty, under the decree uv a just Providence, to take whatever is set afore him, humbly and without murmurin.

3. No nigger shel be employed ceptin upon the followin terms: able-bodied males, $8 per month; able-bodied females, $6 per month. Where they hev bin married by chaplins uv nigger regiments and sich, the marriage to be considered uv no akkount. Supplies onto wich they live shel, in all cases, be furnisht by the employer, the price wich he fixes thereon to be deducted from their wages. Should they get in debt to their employer for supplies, it is expressly understood that they shel hev the privilege uv workin it out. We aint so crooel ez to ask that they shel pay in money.

It isn't expected that many uv em will take service on these terms. Wat follows? It is obvus to the most ordinary intelleck! They'll starve! Hallaloogy! They'll starve! Starvin, they'll attempt to take a livin by force; we shel appeal to the goverment for protecshun agin these infuriated monsters, and with that help we think there will be no diffikilty in bringin uv em to terms. With Hancock and Sickles in command, we think there will be no trouble in bustin the conspiracies that will follow, and suppressin any uprisins that may occur. We shel hold em with a firm hand, and may possibly commence onto em afore they rise.

Then will the effeck be made plain to you. The people uv Kentucky will pint to the corpsis uv them wich are strewed along the roadsides, dead uv starvashun and exposhure, and exclaim sepulcrally to the Ablishnist, "behold your work! When he wuz a slave, ez he wuz originally intended, and wuz cared for by kind masters, it wuz not this!" Many uv em will die, but what is the lives uv a thousand, more or less, niggers when compared with a Democratic victory?

I wood recommend similar stratagy in the North. The nigger must be stirred up with a long pole, and the pint must be sharpened. In localities where yoo hev niggers, let outrages by em be commenst to wunst.

* * * * * *

Hev niggers decoy white children into onfrekented places and murder 'em, choppin 'em up into mince pies. It wood be well to hev occasionally, real outrages, onto which to base the noospaper lies. In every congressional decestrik you ought to be able to find some Democrat sufficiently devoted to the coz to sacrifice a child or two to this purpose.

Where yoo hevn't any niggers we are willin to furnish em. We kin drive enuff out uv the Corners to do at least half uv one Northern State, wich ef yoo cood run small pox or measles through em, so that they wood hev to be objicks uv charity, wood ile [illegible] cood ez they make their appearance in any township, let clothes lines and smoke-houses be robbed—let a miniatoor hell be raised to wunst. Uv course it will be charged up to the niggers; for when was a white man ever knowed to do sich things? and the result will be the triumph we want. Thar aint no danger in this line uv actshen; for ez the nigger hez no vote in the North thar ain't nobody to stand up for him. Eternal vigilance is the price uv liberty. Let our vigilance be ez near eternal ez possible. One pull and we shell hev passed the Jordon. Let us make the most uv our opportunities.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(wich is Postmaster.

## *THE SOUTHERN CONVENTIONS.*

VIRGINIA—DISFRANCHISEMENT.

RICHMOND, Jan. 31.—Several additional articles of the report of the Finance Committee were adopted—one of them providing for a settlement with the State of West Virginia about her share of the State debt, and the appropriation of the amount, when paid, to the payment of the public debt of Virginia. The franchise report will come up next week. Three members of the Committee signed the majority report, disfranchising those persons who are disfranchised by the Reconstruction acts. A substitute is reported by a Republican member of the Committee, and a minority report is made by the Conservative members of the Committee.

NORTH CAROLINA—THE MILITIA LAW.

RALEIGH, Jan. 31.—Majority and minority reports on suffrage were presented. A Committee of five was appointed to report the names of persons entitled to be relieved from political disabilities. The previous question was used liberally by the dominant party, and denounced by the opposition. The report of the Committee on Militia was considered in Committee of the Whole. It requires every able-bodied male citizen, between the age of 21 and 40 years, without distinction of color, to perform military duty, except those who have religious scruples. The Convention, by a test vote, tabled Mr. Durham's resolution in favor of a general amnesty. The reporter of the new daily journal, The *Carolinian*, was expelled from the hall by the President for the use of the word "niggers" in his report.

SOUTH CAROLINA—ARREST OF YOUNG MACKEY.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 31.—Nothing of general importance was done in the Reconstruction Convention here to-day. The Convention adjourned till Monday. Twelve thousand dollars in State bills has been received from the State Treasurer for expenses of members of the Convention. The military have instructed the civil authorities to arrest Mackey, the son of the President, who assaulted the reporter on Monday.

GEORGIA—BILL OF RIGHTS COMPLETED.

ATLANTA, Jan. 31.—The Bill of Rights was completed to-day by the Reconstruction Convention, and the subject of relief was debated, without any definite results, to the hour of adjournment.

MISSISSIPPI—COLORED MEN OFFENDED.

JACKSON, Jan. 31.—The report of the Committee on Printing was recommitted. Mr. Clarke (white) offered a resolution that no reporter be admitted within the bar who makes distinction. He had noticed that the *Clarion's* reporters had omitted "Mr." when mentioning the names of colored members. A motion to table the resolution prevailed by three majority.

LOUISIANA—ARTICLES ADOPTED.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 31.—The Convention to-day adopted the Articles of the Constitution as far as 131.

ARKANSAS—LOAN WANTED—THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

LITTLE ROCK, Jan. 31.—The Committee appointed to memorialize Congress reported a petition for the appropriation of $3,900,000 to build and improve levees on the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers along the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas, the same to constitute a loan, and 25 cents per acre to be levied on the lands benefited, to reimburse the government. After a sharp debate the report was adopted. A report from the Select Committee on the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau was premised, with an allegation that malignant hatred prevails against freedmen to such an extent that the Committee cannot hope for justice if the Bureau be discontinued. It was strongly opposed by Messrs. Kyle, Beasely, Wilson, Bradley, Corbett, (Radicals), and all the Conservatives, denying the truth of the preamble, and asserting, respectively, that the negroes had been treated with impartial justice in their counties. Mr. Mason of Chicot (negro) offered an amendment that if the Bureau continued, Gen. Howard be requested to appoint more efficient and honest agents than heretofore. Pending the previous question, Mr. Brooks obtained leave and denied the allegation imputed to him, in reference to his daughter's marrying a "greasy negro." Adjourned.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## *POLITICAL PERVERSITY.*

IT was proverbial among the slaves, when there were slaves, that Northern men made the hardest task-masters. When men who had been educated in free schools, and knew upon what a basis of meanness, folly and crime the whole system rested, fell from grace, they seemed to lose at the same time the ordinary restraints of humanity and to become the most perverse as well as the most cruel of their class. The same kind of perversity follows the public men who, after serving a good cause till they have filched the highest emoluments, ungratefully desert their colors and go over to the enemy. Then no political antagonism is so bitter or so false as theirs. They assail the principles which they have abandoned with a degree of unfairness of which a consistent and life-long opponent would never be guily. They pursue the cause they have betrayed with artful and ingenious hostility, of which an honorable antagonist would be ashamed.

When Mr. Doolittle arraigned the policy of the majority in Congress—ratified again and again by a majority of the loyal people of the country—he did not deserve the honor which Judge Trumbull and Gov. Morton accorded to him. Their brilliant answers should have been reserved for foemen worthy of their steel. The Wisconsin Senator was intent upon justifying his personal infidelity to the cause to which he owes his present position, and resorted to the usual device of deserters, viz., that of bringing unmerited scandal upon the cause. If Judas, instead of hurrying to his execution, had closed his treacherous palms boldly over his thirty pieces of silver, and joined the Jewish crowd in spitting upon the Master he had betrayed, it would have been in keeping with the advanced spirit of modern Iscariotism. No traitor now has the self-respect to hang himself until he is reached by the indignant judgment of his outraged countrymen; and the forms of our government are such that that judgment is often slow in reaching its mark.

But it may have been noticed that infidelity of this kind is always remembered. Presents it in its most favorable aspects, and human nature revolts at it. Nothing pays so well in the long run as consistency and good faiths; while treachery, however it may be shielded for the time being, is certain to be unhorsed at last. Mr. Doolittle has a longer period of grace than some others; as he had just been chosen a Republican Senator for six years when he deserted his colors. Half his term only has expired. If the Democratic policy could be continued through another administration, he and those in like situation would still have a hope of saving themselves a while longer, otherwise their case is hopeless. This gives them a motive, in addition to their original perversity, to misrepresent the relations of parties, to falsify the issues before the country, and to call old prejudices back to a dishonorable and injurious life if they can. Bad as this kind of service is under any circumstances, it is doubly degrading and disgraceful when undertaken by men who have been in sympathy with the policy which carried the nation through the war, without sacrificing a rood of its soil, or leaving a slave in his chains.—*Mass. Spy.*

## *KENTUCKY*

Correspondence of The Cincinnati Gazette.

GRAVES COUNTY, KY., Jan. 23, 1868.

IN these days, patriotism is a merely relative sentiment, not a positive principle; and here at the South it signifies hatred to our native country, love of treason, and oppression of the lower classes. Giving the Southern rendition of the word, patriotism nowhere burns brighter or purer than in the breasts of Kentuckians; for I defy any of the late rebel States, even New York city, to produce a people so strongly attached to the doctrine of secession, or who would rejoice more over the downfall of the United States, or who oppress the poorer class of whites and the still poorer negroes, than do Kentuckians. Their ideas of nationality are bounded by the Ohio River; to hate "Yankees"—that is Northerners—is with them the first cardinal virtue; and to glorify "Kaintuck" is the main topic of conversation. In fact, the whole State is one grand mutual admiration society, which believes that Kentucky is filled with the greatest statesmen, the bravest warriors, the most beautiful women, and all else that tends to make an earthly paradise. However, you have only to express yourself a Union man, and to assert that a negro has rights which even a Kentuckian is bound to respect, to become assured that the "dark and bloody ground" is next door to Tophet, and that old Pluto's fires warm up the breasts of Kentucky's sons.

PROSCRIPTION OF UNION MEN.

A Union man here, if he dare attempt to maintain his sentiments, is almost as bad off as was Dives, "barring" the lack of water; for he is subject to every wrong that a hateful populace may choose to inflict upon him, and the law is hopelessly inadequate to his protection. As a consequence, Union men are fast leaving this State, and I know of hundreds from Christian, Graves, and other counties in this district, who have sought new homes in Illinois. The few loyal men here are subjected to aggravated insults, which must be borne with meekness; for, should any unlucky wight attempt to redress a wrong, his life pays the forfeit, or he finds himself the inmate of a prison, while his aggressor goes at large to renew his outrages upon the men whose only fault was adherence to their country. At every public gathering—elections, courts, sales, and even Sundays—everybody goes around, and upon such occasions no opportunity passes unimproved to have a quarrel with Union men; this is done in order to get an excuse to shoot them, or drive them out of the country. At the last election, whenever a vote was cast for a Union man, the crowd was certain to receive the announcement with hisses and groans, and cries of "Nigger thief!" "Yankee d——l!" and similar epithets. It was galling to bear it.

THE PROSTITUTION OF THE COURTS.

The Courts are, almost without exception, prostituted to this evil course. More than one-half the men who enlisted in the Federal army, in this section, have been driven from home to avoid indictments found against them for acts while in performance of their duty; but scarcely a rebel officer or soldier has been called upon to answer for the numerous crimes committed during the many raids into this district; and even noted guerrillas go unwhipped of justice, while proofs of their atrocities can be obtained in abundance. Two-thirds of Gregory's company of scouts—raised in this and adjoining counties, are fugitives; but the guerrilla bands whom they fought so gallantly are at home, and counted among our "best citizens."

Such is the state of feeling in Western Kentucky to-day, and I fear even worse times await us. Union men are merely *suffered* to exist in rebel localities; they must either conceal their sentiments, or prepare to bear with patience the indignities and harms which public sentiment visits upon them.

Frequent visits to Middle and West Tennessee, Alabama, and Northern Mississippi have given me a full insight into affairs in those States, and sorry am I to say that the people there are further from being reconstructed than they were two-and-a-half years ago. At the close of the rebellion the people hailed peace as their greatest blessing. They had tasted their fill of war, and were perfectly willing to lay down their arms upon any terms that their conquerors might dictate. Had Congress been convened in June, or July, 1865, every rebel State could have been at once reconstructed without difficulty. But the golden opportunity was suffered to pass unimproved; politicians began to talk about "terms of submission;" resistance to Congress was counselled by their Northern allies; and at length Andrew Johnson became their champion, undoing, as far as he could, the works of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Logan, and their gallant followers. That the spirit of the rebellion is not thoroughly quelled, every revolted State now represented in Congress, and equal rights extended to all, is due to Mr. Johnson alone. This truth none can deny. Four or five times since the surrender of Lee have I travelled through the States above mentioned, making my home temporarily among the people, and at every visit found matters growing worse. Many Northern men, at the conclusion of the war, settled in Mississippi and Alabama. Most of those settlers have been forced to leave the country, while nine out of ten who now remain there have become rampant rebels and the fiercest denunciators of "Yankee tyranny" and "nigger equality." They had to do this or lose their investments—perhaps their lives. Hatred of the North—deep-seated hatred of everything of a Northern character—is the prevailing sentiment everywhere. It may be disguised for a season, and a Northern man may even be treated with kindness, but hatred toward him is soon manifested unless he becomes the veriest lick-spittle, and denounces his friends, and especially Congress.

There is literally "no show" for an outspoken Union man. He is so socially ostracised; nobody will trade with him. If he be a farmer, his horses are stolen, his stock dies suddenly, his fences mysteriously disappear, "spontaneous combustion" destroys his out-houses; and if he is still foolish enough to misunderstand these "manifestations of Providence," he is accidentally shot, or some equally broad hint is given him to leave. To learn these facts, leave the railroad towns and live in the interior for a few months, and you will get your fill. I believe that even Andrew Johnson himself might be reformed, provided he could visit Mississippi *incog.*, and stay at the house of a Union man even a fortnight.

OPPRESSION OF THE NEGRO.

But to know rebeldom in its truest character, you must leave its dealings with white men, and view its dealings with the negro. It could not be expected that the relations existing between the whites and their late chattels would be very decidedly cordial, for it will be years ere former owners can view what was once their property and source of wealth now toiling for themselves; but still common humanity would dictate a treatment toward the negroes fully as generous as that usually extended to brutes. Villainy of the whites is the cause of three-fourths of the destitution among the negroes. In four cases in five where he has worked for a white man, either on shares or on wages, the negro has been defrauded out of his earnings. If a crop has been raised on shares, it is disposed of by the land-owner, and, if the laborer receives one-half his dues, he is most fortunate; if he is employed by the year, he is turned adrift as soon as crops are gathered, and he is given but a moiety of his wages; when he asks for the balance due he is cursed and threatened, and, if he persists in his demand, he is knocked down, or, more often, shot; if he resents the blow, his death is certain, for no negro dare strike a white man here, unless there be a company of soldiers present. To kill a negro is no crime here, and I have heard men talk of their exploits in this line with the utmost complacency. The only protection that the colored man now has in the South is the Freedman's Bureau, backed up by Federal bayonets. Break up the Bureau before reconstruction is effected, and the colored race will be exterminated in ten years, unless a "war of races" ensues, and the whites be brought to their senses thereby. It appears to be the policy of not a few leaders to bring about such a conflict. The excessive tyranny practiced upon the poor blacks, and the appeals to the prejudices and baser passions of the whites, tend to that end, and certainly must have that object.

DESTITUTION.

Great destitution prevails in the interior of Alabama and Mississippi, but it is by no means so severe as has been represented. Here again is another fiendish device of the opponents of reconstruction. The colored laborer is defrauded out of most of his earnings. As a consequence, he is in want, and his family are nigh to starvation. This is heralded forth to the world as an evidence of the negro's natural laziness and disability to take care of himself. If the whites had dealt justly and generously by their colored laborers, they would not now be asking alms of the North, nor begging relief of government. It makes me mourn for the white race when I witness the oppression of the negro. A just providence cannot permit such iniquities to be perpetrated.

LAZINESS OF THE WHITES.

The prime cause of Southern want is the laziness of the whites. Southern climate is notoriously enervating, and is made the excuse for not working by the "privileged classes." At every cross-roads doggery, every shop, and every store in every town and village, is to be found a crowd of long-haired, stalwart fellows engaged in whittling sticks, chewing tobacco, and cursing the negro—three things which they do well and industriously follow up. Without a dollar save what they make or defraud their laborers out of, they spend their time, week in and week out, in idleness, regretting "old times," instead of turning to work and industriously striving to retrieve their fallen fortunes. They have land in abundance, but this few only will sell, lest the negroes get a foothold and become property owners. The South is by no means as impoverished as has been represented. The Southern people still have in abundance all the elements of wealth, and it only requires industry among the whites and encouragement and fair dealing toward the colored laborers, to raise the late rebel States to even a higher state of prosperity than they ever before ejoyed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## *RECONSTRUCTION BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.*

THE rebels having failed by arms, in open rebellion, to overthrow the government and the liberties of the nation, now again aided by the national Executive, are endeavoring to accomplish the same traitorous ends through an over-willing Supreme Court. To this end the McArdle case was asked by Jere. Black to be advanced by the Court out of its regular order, over cases, many of which are a thousand times more important in every sense to the citizen and the country.

This case is simply a criminal one, and as McArdle, the defendant, is free upon bail, and suffering no inconvenience, there is no earthly [illegible] should be made to precede any case upon the docket. Its only importance, even to the rebels, is that of its political bearing, or the opportunity it will afford for a decision against the legislative branch of the government—to overthrow and destroy the constitutional functions—the clear legal prerogatives of the representatives of the people—a co-ordinate branch of the government—by the will or breath of a mere majority of another branch—the Court.

In its regular order it would not be reached in two years; but Jere. Black asked that it be taken up at once. Now, it should be remembered that some time ago the Court adopted a rule which forbids a case to be advanced in its order *unless it be a case in which the government be interested, and at the request of the government.* In the McArdle case the motion to advance was not made by the government, nor in the interest of the government, but by the counsel in the interest of the rebel. The case, nevertheless, has been advanced, and the first Monday in March has been fixed for its hearing. Thus the Supreme Court overrides and tramples down its own rules, in its eagerness to enter the arena of politics in behalf of the rebel and traitor! Even before the motion to advance was made the pro-rebel press, the President's organs, heralded the fact that the motion was about to be made, and the further fact that the motion would be granted—that the case would be advanced to a hearing at an early day, that it would be made the occasion of declaring the reconstruction acts unconstitutional, and even named the number of judges who would sustain the motion, when the President would follow up this action of the Supreme Court by acts that would at once restore the rebel and traitor to power in the insurgent States.

These pro-rebel organs of the President appear to have been well advised—they seem to have had divulged to them the programme of the whole proceeding. All followed just as they started. The motion was made. Henry Stanberry, the Attorney-General, an officer created and salaried by Congress expressly to defend its laws in such cases before the Court, refused to sustain them—refused to perform the services for which he is paid, and Gen. Grant was compelled to obtain the services of Senator Trumbull and Judge Hughes, whose able argument against the motion apparently had no weight upon the minds of the five judges previously announced as favoring the motion, but their judgments were readily reached by those of Jere. Black, when the motion was granted, and an early day fixed for the hearing.

Now, what does all this prove? Can any one resist the conclusion that it shows the existence of a previous arrangement—a plot—through the Court and Executive to overthrow the laws of Congress for the reconstruction of the rebel States? Does it not recall instantly to mind the old charges of Mr. Seward in the Senate against the Court upon the Dred Scott decision—that that decision was made by the Court in collusion with President Buchanan, in the interest of the pro-slavery rebel and traitor? Has not the wily Secretary, in conjunction with the President, arranged a similar attempt? Three of the old judges—three of the majority in the Dred Scott case—are still members of the Court, and they are three of the five who were announced as ready to advance the McArdle case—to pronounce the reconstruction acts unconstitutional even before argument. Clearly, is not this a new attempt in the interest of the pro-slavery rebel, through the Court, to beat down the constitutional prerogatives of the Legislature—a co-ordinate branch of the government? Who can doubt it? The House of Representatives accordingly, not merely in vindication of its own clear constitutional prerogatives, but in that of the rights and majesty of the people which it represents, has passed a bill requiring a majority of two thirds of the Court to declare a law unconstitutional.—*Great Republic.*

THE COST OF KEEP

to a judgment of the Circuit Court of Richmond. The District Court of Appeals, which met recently at Williamsburg, has affirmed the judgment of the lower court, and the sum claimed by John Avis ordered to be paid.

### *THE PEABODY MEMORIAL CHURCH.*

From the Boston Commonwealth.

THERE was recently dedicated at Georgetown, Mass., an Orthodox Congregational church, built by the generosity of George Peabody, in commemoration of his mother, Mrs. Judith Peabody, who was born in that parish. The building was given to the society which is to worship in it on the express condition that "it must be devoted to religious and strictly moral purposes only, excluding forever all lectures, discussions or controversies on political or other subjects, of whatever nature inconsistent with its object as a house of God," etc., etc., intending to exclude from its pulpit all such preaching as has been called of late years anti-slavery, temperance, etc., etc. Appropriately with such conditions, according to a correspondent of the *Ind-pendent*, Mr. Peabody's sister, who is his other self in building this church, was a bitter copperhead all through the war, and is so still. Her son, Mr. Peabody's nephew, is a copperhead. Dr. Braman, who preached the dedication sermon, is a copperhead, and came near being lynched during the war. Singularly enough, Mr. Whittier wrote a hymn for the dedication exercises, which possessed his customary felicities, but concerning which he has lately made this characteristic statement:

"In writing the hymn for the Memorial Church at Georgetown the author, as his verses indicate, had sole reference to the tribute of a brother and sister to the memory of a departed mother—a tribute which seemed, and still seems to him, in itself considered, very beautiful and appropriate. But he has since seen, with surprise and sorrow, a letter read at the dedication, imposing certain extraordinary restrictions upon the society which is to occupy the house. It is due to himself, as a simple act of justice, to say that, had he known of the existence of that letter previously, the hymn would never have been written, nor his name in any way connected with the proceedings."

This "memorial church," it is evident, will not possess, unchallenged, the admiration of this community, though it does bear the Peabody name.

### *NEGROES AND THE HIGHER STUDIES.*

From the Boston Commonwealth.

So far as any test has been made, the negro intellect, in the matter of scholarship, does not appear inferior to that of the Caucasian. It is a pleasure for us to observe that the New York *Evening Mail* states that in New York they have colored public schools in which as intelligent eyes stare at the visitor as in any of the pale-face schools. The teachers, too, assert, without exception, that they can see no distinction whatever between the two races of children. Nor is there any distinction between different shades of color. It happens, at the present moment, that in the oldest colored school of the city, on Mulberry street, the brightest scholar has about the blackest face.

Leaving the simple branches of common school education, we find nothing against the negro wherever he has an opportunity to engage in the higher studies. Professor Bower, of the Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, declares that he finds no lack of ability among colored students in the highest course of instruction. He refers to this subject as follows:

"Of course I do not think the African superior to the Anglo-Saxon; but this I must say, that I find no difference in their ability to acquire knowledge. I am now hearing a class recite in the Anabasis, who commenced Greek about a year ago, and they recite as well as any class I ever heard. And so with all their studies. Their deep earnestness enables them to accomplish wonders sometimes. Last Wednesday one of the literary societies celebrated its anniversary, with essays and orations, in the university chapel, and the performances were just as good, both in manner and matter, as those you generally hear from college students. One of them, by the name of Grimkie, who came here two years ago, just out of slavery, was thrillingly, powerfully impressive."

Whether the power to acquire knowledge be equal in the two races is not an essential question. Whatever our opinions may be, the negroes should be given, hereby, the advantages they have had. We must recognize the fact that negroes are capable of *learning*, and no true man or woman can wish anything done to discourage them.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.


## The National Anti-Slavery Standard

### FOR 1868.

Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured. The old controversy has not been definitely ended. It has again passed from the bloody arena of the battle-field to the sphere of politics and diplomacy. The last elections present a fearful record of unrelenting prejudice against the colored race. They have revived the forlorn hopes and renewed the desperate energies of the discomfited rebels at the South. We had fondly hoped that we were well nigh at the end of the struggle for equal freedom, irrespective of color, but through treachery, and the want of enlightened, conscientious statesmanship we are involved in a conflict of still momentous importance. Many politicians who, during the war, were willing to accept the services and to advocate the enfranchisement of colored men, now as the temptations of the presidential year approach, disgracefully surrender and abandon their cause. So too the popular churches and clergy are relaxing their interest for, and diminishing their co-operation with the freedmen, and excusing themselves on the score of disinclination for "political preaching," they ally themselves as formerly with "Conservatism" and the dominant spirit of prejudice against race.

Under these circumstances it is of the greatest importance to have a thoroughly Radical, independent journal, which, like THE STANDARD, may speak freely and fearlessly for justice and impartial freedom, with nothing to gain or lose by party triumphs or losses. During the past year our circulation has steadily increased with each month. Frequent calls for the paper come to us of late from the South. THE STANDARD now goes regularly each week to Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Richmond and at other points in the South. We have arrangements in progress for its general introduction to the notice of the leading colored men and white Radicals throughout the South the present year. The importance of an intelligent alliance between uncompromising Radicals at the North and their coadjutors at the South can scarcely be over-estimated in the present condition of national affairs.

WENDELL PHILLIPS will continue as the past year an editorial writer for the columns of THE STANDARD. It will also be the medium through which his lectures and addresses, as revised by himself, will be given to the public. Other able writers will contribute regularly to its columns. We shall continue to present a department of choice literary miscellany, and while chiefly devoted to the consideration of the freedom and well-being of the colored race, our columns will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the rights of women, temperance, education, etc.

The period through which we are now passing is one of the most critical thus far in our national experience. Though the late reverses in the elections may dishearten those whose dependence is upon the Republican party, it should be borne in mind that it has been, and still is, the high prerogative of Abolitionists to create the opinion which makes and unmakes parties in the service of freedom.

We appeal earnestly and confidently therefore to all friends to unite heartily with us in an effort to extend the circulation of THE STANDARD as the emergency of the cause it represents demands.

### PREMIUMS.

We offer our friends what we are sure will be esteemed very liberal and welcome compensation for their efforts to add to our subscription list, namely: to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6; or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6) we will send either of the following very desirable books:

**Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters." 362 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.**

**Lydia Maria Child's "Romance of the Republic." 442 pages—price $2.50.**

**Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court. 498 pages—price $2.50.**

### *THE SITUATION.*

THE opponents of impeachment among the Republicans begin to see and to confess their blunder in not deposing Johnson from office months ago. The legislation proposed by Edmunds of Vermont, a few days since, on the subject of impeachment, is not without significance. We were told by men of his school only a short time since, after the action of the House of Representatives, that impeachment had been disposed of, and that nothing more would be heard of it. But Johnson, as might very naturally have been expected, "leaps ahead" from bad to worse. He is particularly displeased that Stanton has been reinstated and is not disposed to resign. Just now it looks very much as though the alienation which exists between Johnson and Stanton would inevitably extend also to Johnson and Grant. Stanton is reinstated, but is without official recognition from the President. Congress is defied. Grant, it appears, has been ordered to ignore the War-Secretary, and is threatened by Johnson if he declines. Johnson is bold in his reliance upon the help of the Supreme Court for the defeat of the legislation by Congress on the subject of Reconstruction. Hancock, as an "obstructive" in the place of Sheridan, is winning golden opinions from the un-reconstructed rebels and the Democracy generally. Rosseau, another and a meaner "obstructive," is, it is said, soon to be recalled from Alaska to take the place of Gen. Meade, who recently superseded Pope, but who is too impartial in his administration to suit Johnson's purpose. Meanwhile new and more stringent reconstruction measures are under consideration in Congress. The Supreme Court is also to be reconstructed. One of the Judges is very properly threatened with impeachment, if the threat be but carried into execution. On the whole, affairs seem at present to be decidedly "mixed," and in a confusion which is daily becoming worse confounded. All this from trying to "control" an Executive who ought, as we urged many months ago, then to have been impeached, and deposed from office.

If in this untoward state of things the chief managers of public affairs were the chief sufferers, the case would call for less regret. It is a fearful responsibility which rests upon the shoulders of some one, for the thousands of lives lost by murders and starvation, the heavy hand of sorrow laid needlessly upon so many hearts by the criminal blundering and trifling with matters of greatest moment. Republicans have dissipated their strength by foolishly attempting to hedge around their enemy, and the nation's enemy, in the White House. They have allowed him to become a nucleus around which the adherents of, and sympathizers with, Jefferson Davis could this time rally in the name of the Federal Constitution, with a rebel interpretation, instead of the new and defeated constitution which was adopted at Montgomery. Johnson's power of patronage is still immense, and it is being, and is to be, used to the uttermost to corrupt office-holders and the people, and to cheat the negro of his freedom and the nation of a true and permanent peace. President Lincoln suffered many thousands of the soldiers who went forth early in the war needlessly to perish, when a prompt proclamation of emancipation would have been far more effective in the service of the Union cause. As a last resort he issued the proclamation. That proclamation was more potent than his army with banners had been before. The mistaken and murderous policy of delay, which Mr. Lincoln adopted with regard to emancipation during the war, has its counterpart in the policy of the Republican party in its treatment of the question of Reconstruction. Two things of special importance, which ought promptly to have been done, have been left undone. The negro question ought at the outset to have been settled by his enfranchisement upon equal terms with the whites. At the time of Johnson's drunken exhibition at his inauguration the truth should have been told by those who knew it, and the helm should have been placed in sober and loyal hands.

The still undecided status of the negro is the pivotal question at issue. The other topics of finance, etc., are but incidental. The discomfited rebels of the South and the copperhead Democracy of the North stake another desperate venture for political supremacy upon a determined effort to prevent the full enfranchisement of the negro race. To them the enfranchisement of this hitherto enslaved race means, and is in fact, a Radical balance of power. The old virus of prejudice against the colored people still exists in the blood of many Republicans. Upon this unchristian prejudice it is the policy of the enemy to rely for surest help in the pending struggle for official power. Let the issue be uncompromisingly met now, and settled forever, by eliminating from the statute books of the States, and of the Nation, all distinctions on account of color.

### *JAMES MOTT.*

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THOUGH I joined the Anti-Slavery movement in 1836, there were many of its early friends whom I never saw—BENJAMIN LUNDY, CHARLES B. STORRS, SHIPLEY, ATLEE, the BENSONS, father and son, OLIVER TORREY—

"Gone before us, O our brother,
To the spirit land!
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand."

THOME, the Kentucky apostle, I never saw till last year; and I never heard WELD in the full vigor of that eloquence which every one tells us has never been equalled.

The first of those veterans whom I saw—out of the Boston circle—was JAMES MOTT. The first time I saw him, to know him, was at the London World's Convention in 1840. My previous impressions of Friends had not been pleasant. Indeed, I must own to a very hearty distaste for them. But in his serene and beautiful presence my prejudices melted away. He seemed to be very nearly the FRANCIS JACKSON of Pennsylvania: calm, sensible, clear-sighted, single-eyed, marvellously fair in judgment, indefatigable; a spirit full of hope which nothing could daunt, tire or depress; one who feared not the face of man, and whom nothing could move to the slightest bitterness. I could easily believe all I had heard of his singleness of purpose and sturdy independence in years gone by. How largely our cause, in its earliest years, was indebted to him, and to the great soul who shared his life, I knew by report and could easily believe as I saw the debt accumulate year by year. You and I know how much we owe him more recently. Serenely he stood amid the differences and divisions that surged around him, ever right in his conclusions and catholic in his sympathies—marvellous in one whose years touched eighty. Fortunate man! with every duty honestly met, life rounded to a poetic whole, in ripe age, he is called up higher.

Telling you about him carries me back to those old days when WHITTIER'S loving lines to those who passed on were said or sung in almost every meeting:

Gone to thy Heavenly Father's rest!
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing!
And on thine ear the murmurs blest
Of Shiloah's waters softly flowing.

Finished thy work, and kept thy faith
In Christian firmness unto death:
And beautiful as sky and earth,
When Autumn's sun is downward going,
The blessed memory of thy worth
Around thy place of slumber glowing!

WE invite attention to the notice which appears elsewhere of the Annual Meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, to be held on the 13th inst. The Annual Report, prepared by MARY GREW, will be presented on this occasion. These reports, extending through a series of years and prepared with a great deal of care and ability by Miss Grew, are in themselves a valuable history of the conflict between slavery and freedom in this country. The report to be presented at the meeting next week we hope soon to lay before our readers.

AARON M. POWELL will deliver an address upon National Affairs in Newtown Hall, at Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., on Saturday evening, Feb. 8. He will also speak in Pineville on Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2½ o'clock p. m.

JOSHUA HUTCHINSON, of the "Original Hutchinson Family," will be present at these meetings and sing both on Saturday evening and on Sunday afternoon.

### *NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.*

THE STANDARD will hereafter be delivered to our subscribers in this city by the carriers of the Post office Department. Should any irregularity occur in its delivery from imperfect addresses, or from any other cause, we hope to be promptly advised. To provide for the necessary prepayment of postage the subscription price will, from this date, be three dollars and fifty cents a year to subscribers within the city limits.

### *TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES MOTT.*

THE following Memorial was adopted unanimously at a special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, held February 3, 1868:

The Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society unanimously offer their cordial tribute of respect to the memory of their beloved and honored Chairman, James Mott.

We who have, during so many years, shared his labors in the anti-slavery field, who have been aided by his wisdom and blessed by his friendship, who in the dark and stormy days of our enterprise stood side by side with him, can testify to his deep, earnest, unwavering devotion to the cause of human freedom and equal rights for all men. Unmoved by obloquy, undaunted by peril, unwearied by years of labor, he kept the even tenor of his way, firm, gentle and just, refusing all compromise with wrong, claiming all human rights for the colored man, and illustrating in his daily life the religion taught in the Sermon on the Mount.

In our meetings for counsel we shall miss the lessons of his ripe experience and the inspiration of his presence, his patriarchal greeting and benediction; the Abolitionists of the country will mourn the loss of a faithful coadjutor, the community in which he lived has lost a fellow-citizen of rare worth, and the colored people of this country, in the North and in the South, a friend indeed.

To the wife and family, whom his death has sorely bereaved, we offer the assurance of our deep and tender sympathy.

For the influences of his Christian life, for the privilege of friendship with him, for the memories which will cluster around his name, for the example he has bequeathed to us, we gratefully rejoice; believing that the seed which he has sown with patient hand shall long continue to bring forth fruit to bless the world.

On behalf of the Committee,

ROBERT PURVIS, Chairman *pro tem.*

M. J. BURLEIGH, Secretary.

### *PERSONAL.*

Sallie Holley will lecture on Sunday next, the 9th inst., in Portsmouth, N. H.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham will lecture in Mr. Chadwick's church, Brooklyn, corner of Clinton and Congress streets, on Sunday evening, Feb. 9th, at 7½ o'clock. Subject, "The Historical position of Jesus."

Miss Caroline Richings, whose marriage we recently chronicled, was a little waif upon the world, picked up in the streets of New York by Mr. Richings, adopted and educated by him, and at an early age placed upon the stage.

W. W. Broom delivered his new lecture on "The Mission and Perils of America," before Council No. 9 of the Union League, in this city, Jan. 29th. The severe storm caused a thin attendance, but many prominent members of the association were present.

Rev. Calvin Fairbank will lecture in Middlebury, Vermont, in behalf of the Freedmen's Aid Society of that place, for the support of a school at Society Hill, S. C., on the 12th and 13th inst. His subject on the 12th will be "Progress of the American Idea;" on the 13th, "Prison Life in Kentucky."

Joshua Hutchinson, of the Hutchinson Family, is giving an extended series of very successful concerts in Buck's County, Pa. He is doing much, as the Hutchinsons always do, to promote, wherever he goes, the cause of freedom, of temperance, and of general reform.

Stephen S. Foster will lecture in the Unitarian church at Athol, Mass., this (Saturday) evening. His subject will be: "The Churches of Athol—are they for Christ or against him?" He will give a second lecture in the same place on Sunday evening, the 9th inst. Subject: "The Right of Woman to the Ballot."

Mrs. Ella Davis Rockwood is announced to give her new lecture, "Young America," at New London, Conn., on the 11th inst.; Cambridge, Mass., on the 17th inst.; and at Glenn's Falls, N. Y., Feb. 23. This lecture, we observe, has been warmly commended in the few instances it has been delivered, and is, we judge, well calculated to add permanently to her growing reputation in the lecture field.

Mr. Phillips gave his lecture on O'Connell, in New Haven, on Thursday evening last. The New Haven *Daily Palladium* of Friday says:

"Wendell Phillips's lecture on O'Connell last evening has never been surpassed in eloquence and interest. It enchained the attention of the audience from the opening to the close, and was a magnificent tribute to the great orator. Music Hall was crowded, and we were happy to see many of our fellow-citizens of Irish birth present."

The Rev. Mr. Cutler of the Union Church, (Orthodox Congregational), Worcester, Mass., lately preached a very earnest discourse in opposition to woman's rights. Though his congregation is one of the most aristocratic and conservative in the city, it is a significant indication of the progress of the cause of equal rights for women, that the sermon has been the occasion of thorough and hearty dissatisfaction on the part of many of his hearers. One woman, as we are told, was especially emphatic in her dissent by leaving the church before the discourse was finished. It is the habit of the thoughtful sexton to keep within easy reach at the church a bottle of camphor to be ready for any emergency of fainting, etc. As he saw this woman coming out on the occasion referred to he promptly produced and proffered to her the camphor bottle, but she as promptly responded: "No, I don't want camphor; I am so disgusted with the sermon I can't stay and hear it!"

The Worcester (Mass.) *Spy*, in a notice of the death of James Mott, says: "The pure, unselfish, and useful life of James Mott of Philadelphia, came to a close on Sunday morning last, in the eightieth year of his age. James Mott, and Lucretia Mott, his wife, were known not only in the Society of Friends, of which they were distinguished members, but wherever good works are appreciated or humanity needed help. Their house was the centre of attraction for the most eminent members of their society, and thousands of others who have been interested in unpopular reforms have reason to remember their kind and cordial hospitality. Mr. Mott was one of the signers of the famous 'declaration of sentiments' in 1830, by which, under the lead of Mr. Garrison, the organized Anti-Slavery movement was begun. In many ways, not exposed to public view, and not calculated to bring to him emolument or reward, this faithful laborer contributed for two generations to the great movements of his time, some of which came to fruition during his life, and others were greatly promoted by his faultless example."

Goldwin Smith, who is about to revisit this country and to reside here for an indefinite time, in a letter to the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, says:

"I am going to devote myself to the study, and, if after due study I feel equal to the task, to the composition of American history. With this view I shall probably take up my abode in the United States in the course of the Summer. At what place must depend partly upon the exigencies of my study. I must be where there are books and records, and where I can obtain permission to use them. My undertaking necessarily implies a prolonged residence in the country where it must be carried on. But I am not going to seek naturalization in America or to cast off my allegiance to my own sovereign and my native land. I shall be a candidate for no citizenship in America, but that of the republic of letters. In the present state of English affairs I can imagine, though I do not anticipate, the occurrence of a crisis which will render it incumbent on the honor of every Englishman to share, though he might be unable to influence, the destinies of his country."

George W. Smalley, in a recent letter from London to the *Tribune*, says: "The late Baron Marochetti, who recently and quite suddenly died in Paris, was never popular among English artists, and still less among English critics. This was chiefly due to the fact that he was magnified by the Queen, and, consequently, by the aristocracy, quite beyond his artistic merits. Notwithstanding a certain hard and mechanical quality in his sculptures, however, he nearly always made a good likeness. He was, perhaps, the most laborious artist in the world. His studio at Brompton consists of four immense rooms completely filled with the busts, in marble, plaster, and bronze, which he had made in the twenty-five years of his career as an eminent artist, twelve of which were passed in England. Here stand the faces in marble of all the most eminent royal and official personages of his time—before all, the Queen and late Prince Consort, and after them, dukes, duchesses, statesmen, and military men without number. A heroic statue of the Duke of Wellington is perhaps his finest work. It is at the entrance to Strathfieldsaye.

"Considerable interest has been excited in certain quarters by a course of metaphysical lectures which the Rev. James Martineau is delivering weekly in his chapel in Little Portland St. The lectures are especially meant to grapple with the Cantist theories, whose prevalence among English thinkers, and men of science particularly, Mr. Martineau views with some alarm. He declares that the whole question of the existence of a Deity has now been shifted from the point whether creation implies a Creator, to the point whether there are any of our faculties which can deal with such questions at all. His lectures have thus far been devoted to a classification of the sciences, and to showing that for every physical science there is a corresponding mental science. All this is, however, preliminary to their main object, which is yet to be reached. Among the most attentive listeners have been Miss Cobb, the Rev. W. H. Channing, and the Unitarian clergy generally."

The Boston *Commonwealth* refers to the death of James Mott as follows:

"Our readers will hear with pain that James Mott, the husband of Lucretia Mott, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday morning last, at the residence of his son-in-law, George W. Lord. About a week previous he left Philadelphia with his wife, on a visit to Mr. Lord, in his usual health, though feeble from age. He would have been eighty years old next June. His death was caused by a sudden attack of pneumonia. No one who is acquainted with the history of the Anti-Slavery movement can be ignorant of the services and good character of Mr. Mott. His friends cannot remember the time when he was not the sworn enemy of slavery, and for more than fifty years he labored for its abolition. When the whole nation, North and South, was utterly indifferent to the rights of the colored man, Mr. Mott stood among the first of those brave men who denounced slavery as 'the sum of all villanies.' So profound were Mr. Mott's convictions, that he would have nothing to do with the institution in any way, except as its foe. He began life in the cotton business, but abandoned it from conscientious motives. He had been the President of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and recently of the Pennsylvania Peace Society. In all things was Mr. Mott a reformer and a Radical, and, while his principles were absolute and his opinions uncompromising, his nature was singularly generous and humane. Charity was not a duty to him but a delight, and the benevolence which in most good men has some touch of vanity or selfishness, always seemed in him pure, unconscious, and disinterested. His life was long and happy, and useful to his fellowmen. He had been married fifty-seven years, and none of the many friends of James and Lucretia Mott need be told how much that union meant, or what sorrow comes with its end in this world. To the aged survivor of this happy and sympathetic union we tender our heartfelt condolence!"

The *Commonwealth* says: It would be too bad to keep out of print the story that comes to us that Col. Hallowell, late of the 54th Massachusetts (colored) regiment, while travelling on a train of cars near New York, the other day, entered the smoking-car, where was also a colored man enjoying his seat, if not his weed, quietly, without disturbing any one. Soon a burly Irishman, of the fighting persuasion entered, and told the colored man to "Get out of that—his seat was wanted by a better man than a nigger." Hallowell's ears pricked-up at once, and he interposed. "Have you a ticket, sir?" he asked of the colored man. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Have you taken this man's seat?" "No, sir," rejoined he. "Then don't leave it," said Hallowell, and turning to the Irish bully, the Colonel added, "He has a better right to the seat than you, and I won't see him turned out of it." "The d——l you won't," rejoined the Irishman, and at once squared off and pitched into the Colonel, bruising his face, battering him generally, and, in short, it must be confessed, giving him a thrashing. The Colonel, everybody knows, has a disabled arm, a *souvenir* of Wagner, and he had to fight the bully with one hand, his other, with that arm hanging lifelessly at his side. The brief contest was hardly over when a stout German spoke up, addressing Hallowell, "I observed, sir, you used but one arm." "You are right," said Hallowell, "only one." "The other injured, sir?" "Yes!" "Is that truly so?" inquired the German. "Feel for yourself, sir." The man took hold of the disabled arm, and found it listless and withered. "How did this happen—in the army?" asked he. "Yes—a touch at Wagner," quietly responded the Colonel. "By G——!" exclaimed the German, "I won't sit by and see a Union soldier licked, anyhow, and with only one arm, too!" and immediately walked into the Irish bully with such celerity and force as to "clean him out" in about a minute and a half! Rather the worse for wear, the "better man" soon beat a retreat, badly demoralized, and left the negro, the Colonel, the plucky German, and their interested fellow-travellers, to recover their equanimity and pursue their journey in peace.

The London *Daily News*, in a recent issue, gives the following interesting account of Rosa Bonheur:

"Rosa Bonheur has been named Academicienne by the Antwerp Institute. Honors richly deserved are rapidly crowning the great artist's career. In 1865 the Empress drove from the Palace of Fontainebleau to present her, in person, with the star of the Legion d'Honneur. Mlle. Bonheur's country place is rather an extensive farm than the ordinary residence of a lady of her position. Every variety of cow, sheep, ox, goat, and horse are to be seen, not only on the surrounding lawn, but crowding round their proprietor, who is attired in a cloth blouse in winter, and ruder garments apparently borrowed from her brother (the Auguste whose painting we all admired at the Exhibition), a stick in hand and hat stuck any way on a small, but remarkably well-shaped head; *coiffe a la* Titus, or, in less technical terms, the hair cut like a man's. The animals know her and follow her about. She absolutely refuses to receive ordinary visitors; but having purchased some cows of the Nivernais breed from a farmer, Mlle. Bonheur admitted him to her studio. She had just completed an order for England, the subject of which was a farm-yard in the Nivernais. The peasant exclaimed on seeing it, "Why, you have painted my animals—I know them all; but why did you not put me in instead of that man? and that women and children are not mine." Needless to remark, the great artist had never been at his farm, but she had painted the breed so accurately that the farmer believed the picture to have been taken from life, thus unconsciously paying her the highest possible compliment. The following anecdote has been related to me: A friend of hers had a little girl of extraordinary beauty, to whom Mlle. Bonheur was much attached. The child, however, acquired a habit, in which she persisted, in making a series of disfiguring grimaces, constantly putting her fingers in her mouth, puffing out her cheeks, and even bringing her tongue into play in the service of her peculiar line of disobedience. Naturally every means of cure was tried, but in vain. The child only grimaced the more. Mlle. Bonheur, unknown to her, sketched each separate contortion, adding a comic expression to the features, but perfectly preserving the likeness. The sketches were bound in an album and presented without any observation to the young delinquent, who turned over the sketches in silence, and was never seen to grimace again."

## Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3, 1868.

I CANNOT refrain from giving you some account of the solemnities attending the funeral of our honored friend, James Mott. A large number of persons assembled on the occasion, and very many followed the remains to the place of burial. There was speaking at the house by Rachel W. Townsend, Rev. William H. Furness, Mary Grew, Robert Purvis, and Dr. George Truman. These bore their testimony to the worth and exalted character of the deceased, or paid their heartfelt tributes of affection, and in words of tender eloquence extolled the sincere humanity of his nature, and eulogized the active goodness of his life.

Mr. Furness prefaced his remarks by repeating the following beautiful hymn of Mrs. Barbauld:

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a trusting soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a Summer-cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies the wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys,
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which the unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Life's duty done as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth unite to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

With gentle utterance he proceeded to say, "How blest our friend was in life as well as in death! blest in a rare circle of affection of which he was the centre; blest in a life-long devotion to the service of the highest and lowest; blest in that his years were extended to this venerable length without suffering or infirmity, or decay of mind, or loss of any power of enjoying the affection of which he was the object. 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' This living faith," he continued, "is not a faith in any speculation respecting the nature or offices of Christ, or even of his person, but faith in his spirit, so that we need never ask what our friend's opinions were, since his life gave such abundant evidence of this living faith, this faith which is as immortal as the spirit in which it reposes."

Thus spoke this good man on the solemn occasion, happily attesting the rare worth of the departed, and whose words, wherever they may be spoken, are cherished by responsive hearts, and breathe a spirit that commands regard.

The words of Robert Purvis were a beautiful tribute to the memory of his beloved friend. They fervently indicated his profound "esteem and reverential affection for one in whom the elements of high moral rectitude and probity were so beautifully blended with tenderest sympathy and devoted service in behalf of oppressed and suffering humanity." Speaking not for himself alone, but as if representing anguished thousands to whose cause the deceased had proved a faithful champion, steadfast and life-long, he exclaimed, with a heart full of gratitude and thrilled with emotion, "I thank God for such a life!"

Mary Grew, another of the faithful few who have labored side by side with our friend in the same sphere of beneficence, added her tribute to his estimable character. She spoke of "the incalculable value of the influence of such a life, extending from generation to generation; of his unswerving fidelity to the right, and his practical illustration of Christian principles; of the memories bequeathed as a rich legacy to those who loved him, and now mourn his loss. In those memories," she remarked, "witnessing the fruits of his labors, there is consolation for his bereaved friends. Others would be stronger for his strength; more patient for his patience; more faithful to duty because of his fidelity to the right. His life was complete; the measure of years filled; his hoary head was a crown of glory, and he had fallen as a shock of corn, fully ripe."

An interesting circumstance may here be mentioned. A few men, belonging to the oppressed and persecuted class, craved the privilege, which was accorded them, of bearing the remains, and assisting in any other office incident to the occasion. It was a voluntary meed of respect on their part for him whom they revered as the devoted friend of their race.

W.

## Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 4, 1868.

AT last our Veiled Prophet has undraped himself, and the face beneath is not at all that of Mokanna. It is that of strong, irate man, who has forborne until endurance ceased to be a virtue, but the rather became an hindrance of a most embarassing character.

Of course you have been an interested observer of the attacks on Grant, growing out of his rather adroit obedience to the law in the matter of the War Department affair. One thing was certain, that the attempt of the President to injure Grant only succeeded in degrading Johnson still more. We have heard whispers here for some days past of a very sharp correspondence between the President and Grant on the question of veracity. Yesterday Mr. Hubbard, of West Virginia, called upon the Secretary of War for all correspondence in relation to the recent vacating of the War Department. The result was that to-day Mr. Stanton sent to the House a mass of correspondence of the most interesting character. It was the letters which had passed between the President and Gen. Grant, the last of which was written on Sunday.

On the President's side there is a direct charge that Gen. Grant prevaricated and was guilty of a trick in not notifying him in advance, as he had promised, of his intention to vacate the War Office when the Senate restored Mr. Stanton. In the letters written by the President there is a direct declaration of his intention to have resisted the Tenure of Office act. In a subsequent letter the President declares that the members of the Cabinet agree with him in his construction of Grant's conversations on the subject.

In response Gen. Grant most explicitly denies all such conversation or promises. His language is most clear and unmistakable on this point. He writes indignantly, strongly, as a man should do whose "integrity as a man and honor as a soldier" (to quote his own words) is assailed. He declares his denial to be the truth, "the assertions of yourself (the President) and the gentlemen of the Cabinet, to the contrary notwithstanding." He charges explicitly that the President only sought to make him a tool for the defeat of reconstruction, the responsibility of doing which, directly he did not dare assume. The General declares that he assumed the duties of Secretary of War *ad interim* in order to prevent an enemy of reconstruction holding it. He further declares that he shall not obey an order of the President directing him not to obey orders issued by the Secretary of War—his (Grant's) superior.

The correspondence is altogether creditable to the great soldier. It will relieve the anxieties of the American people as to his real *status*. It places him squarely on the front line, and we, the Radicals of the land, are the debtors of Andrew Johnson for this last service. Our enemies' folly has again served our cause. The manner of reference in the House was quite significant. Great interest was manifested during the reading, and at the close of Grant's last letter a strong inclination to applaud was evident. Great excitement prevailed at the close, and a motion to refer it to the Judiciary Committee was made, which Thaddeus Stevens met by moving its reference to the Reconstruction Committee. This last was instantly adopted. The reference is considered a certain indication of decided action. The order to Grant directing him not to obey orders issued by the Secretary of War is deemed an act of nullification, which can only be met by impeachment. I said some weeks since that the good barque "Impeachment" would soon be afloat again, and bound with favorable wind and current to a sure and safe harbor. I think we may safely say it was launched this afternoon.

The Senate is engaged still in hindering the passage of the pending Reconstruction bill, by an overwordy and lengthened debate. There is strong need of such amendment as will unify reconstruction in the South. All the Republicans know this, yet as there are elections pending in New Hampshire and Connecticut, Senators are anxious for delay without having it so appear on the surface. If the truth was known, it will be found that the Senators from those States are at the bottom of the delay of action in the Senate.

Mr. Trumbull has been trying recently how much reputation may gain by mere words. He made a brave speech in reply to Doolittle, in which he asserted his belief in the power of Congress to require any number of Judges in the Supreme Court to unite in declaring a law unconstitutional, even their judgment should be esteemed final, yet Mr. Trumbull is withholding the bill passed by the House after the closest and most complete discussion Congress has witnessed for some years past. The bill when sent to the Senate was referred to the Judiciary Committee, of which the Illinois Senator is chairman. He withholds it because it seems like an attempt to curb the Court, while a question relating to reconstruction is pending. That is exactly what the bill was intended to do, though the principle on which it is based is altogether outside of such a consideration. Judge Trumbull would appear to be desirous of having the situation still further complicated by an adverse Supreme Court decision.

ASMODEMUS.

### *THE SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.*

THE following letter is from the pen of "an Orthodox outsider" who was in attendance upon the recent Festival:

GEORGETOWN, Mass., Jan. 26, 1868.

DEAR FRIEND: I have attended the "Thirty-fourth Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary," and I fancy you will like to know how the Festival impressed me, an Orthodox outsider. I have an immense respect for my own opinion. I suspect I am nearly related to the man who had a habit of taking off his hat as a token of respect to himself. This is my apology for writing you at this time.

Socially the Festival was a great success. Such numbers of entertaining people, flowers, pictures, reading, music, speeches, and all those delicious creature comforts in each corner in the shape of tea, coffee, cake, etc.,—all these things make a most delightful sphere. Now for the moral effect. I must confess I have felt for months more than indifferent towards the success of your organ, the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD. I have said to myself, What are these people doing, or what do they *think* they are doing, by this agitation at this time? Well, I learned at this Festival what these people are doing, why they are doing it, and why they ought to continue to do it. I cannot touch upon every point, but I must speak of Mr. Frothingham's speech, which convicted and converted me on the spot. It was so clear and logical, and pleasant withal, as it should be for such an occasion, that I consider it beyond criticism. What could be finer and more discriminating than his analysis of the elements which make up a leading Anti-Slavery newspaper? The ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD was on a plane above mere political or sectarian organizations, and was devoted entirely to the interest of the negro. Then, you remember, he went on to show the great importance of just such a paper until the rights of the negro were secured. I never listened to a clearer argument. I was greatly moved by the sublimity of his position, and in the momentary hush which followed his last words, I thought of Mrs. Browning's beautiful lines:

Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and his line,
But thou hast been strong for the stranger, in hate of the wrong not thine.

They came to my mind like a benediction. Higginson was just like himself. I can give him no higher praise.

Cordially yours, A. W. H.

### *SALLIE HOLLEY AT NORTHAMPTON, MASS.*

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., Jan. 27, 1868.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

THE readers of THE STANDARD are doubtless always glad to hear of the whereabouts and doings of the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Of these agents probably no one is more earnest and successful than Sallie Holley, who is now in this town, having come here to speak for the Free Congregationalists of Florence and Northampton. Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, she spoke at Florence, and at this place in the evening. Underrating her own gifts for public speaking, she calls her discourses "Talks." While it is true that she attempts no formal, consecutive arrangement of thoughts and arguments, she speaks with convincing power. Her audience, feeling that she is in earnest, catches her inspiration and enthusiasm, as she warns, exhorts, persuades, and rebukes with fervor, often rising to heights of soul-stirring eloquence. With clear insight she sees that the great sin of the American people is hatred of the black race, whom they have so long persecuted; and it is at this mean and monstrous crime that she hurls the thunderbolts of God's law. She sees in this unchristian treatment of the colored people the same spirit as that which animated the Jews in the time of Jesus. The Jews, in their pride, deemed themselves "the superior race." The Gentiles they spoke of as "dogs," with whom they would have no dealings—would not sit at the same table with them. This spirit Jesus came to destroy. He proclaimed the brotherhood of the races, and declared that all men, all races, were the equal objects of God's love. This teaching of Jesus was what especially excited the wrath of the Jews against him. Miss Holley said that wherever she went in this country she found the same wicked spirit of caste, instancing the recent exhibition of it in Connecticut, where Frederic Douglass, a man of genius and culture, with whom any one might be proud to associ-

ate, was obliged to eat at a separate table in a public house. The spirit we cherish towards the black race was therefore a test of our Christian character. What true Christian—what true Democrat, even—can join in the aristocratic and inhumen cries, "This is the white man's country;" this is the white man's government?"

SETH HUNT.

FOR THE STANDARD.

## EVER YOURS.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

The gifts of God are everlasting gifts,
Leaving their essence when their forms are flown;
Even in their wings a spirit moves that lifts
The soul they fly from to a holier zone.

The little lambs that blest our little flocks
The Shepherd carries in his arms of love,
O'er the hot sands and rugged mountain rocks,
To lure us on to greener fields above.

The dearer he who joins the Angel band
So much the tenderer is their guardian care,
And ever stronger is the little hand
That leads us heavenward, for the love we bear.

Father and Mother! God takes back no joy
He gave, but dowers you with a double bliss,
His holy Bands to keep your Baby Boy,
Your Boy to draw you sweetly where He is.

## THE LORD'S FREEDMAN.

A DISCOURSE BY REV. FREDERICK FROTHINGHAM, OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

For he that is called, though a slave, is the Lord's freedman.—*1 Cor. vii.* 22.

HERE is Christianity's trumpet-note of Freedom, the Lord's freedman! Can he be the disciple's slave? Here is Christianity's whole argument against slavery in a nut-shell. Before this faith, as before the angel in the prison-house, the dungeon-doors must fly open and the bondman's chains fall. In presence of such an utterance no man can say that Christianity and slavery can coexist.

But here is more—even the true test of manhood. The sciolist determines a man's manhood by the shape of a vertebra, the texture of his hair, the color of his skin. The great apostle seeks not an outward but an inward mark. Has the Lord called him? That settles the question. He is humble enough to think that the Lord knows his own. His test, you see, touches the man's spirit, not his bones—his highest, not his lowest part—his immortal and unchangeable, not his decaying substance—his characteristic, not what he shares with the animals. What may he end in, not where does he begin? What may he reach, not whence he starts? What does he aspire to, not from what depths comes he? Has he thought, reason, conscience, will? Is he capable of Christianity? Has he language, does he love, will he pray? If one may, all may. One Lord's freedman liberates a whole race of slaves.

Such would be Paul's questions and such his reasoning. Is it not sound? May not self-styled science, wounding her feet among the dry bones of matter and earth, learn something from the disciple of "the meek and lowly?"

But, farther, we have here the true criterion of rank. I heard a lecturer once—who seemed learned—say that the projecting lower jaw and the black pigment in the cuticle were signs of inferior races of men. If this be science, it is not Christianity. Believing as I do that science and religion agree, I venture to doubt its being science. Paul's thought, I suspect, is vastly nearer the true science. That decides men's rank by comparison of what makes them men, not of what they share with the brute. It may be that the Creator plans a gradual ascent from the purely brute form of structure to the purely human. But what does that prove as to the rank of the man? a being whose animal part, born of the dust and to go back to dust, is to his spiritual, his human part, born of God, and to live through endless ages, almost infinitely less than a grain of sand to the solar system? "But," you may ask, "does not this inferiority of form make a shade of inferiority, however slight, yet real?" Yes, when other things are equal. But when that inferiority in physical form may be overborne by a vast spiritual superiority, it fades out of sight as a mark of rank in the scale of manhood. Looking at man as a beast, to perish, it has weight; looking at him as a man, an immortal, it has less than none. Were it good, it would prove Socrates, the ugliest man of his time, inferior to the prettiest lack-brain that trod Athenian streets; and our own Abraham Lincoln, certainly not a model of personal beauty, lower than the barbarian who headed the great conspiracy. For are not higher ranks of men characterized by higher beauty? That surely can neither be Christianity nor science worthy the name.

No—the superior race is shown, not by superiority of body, but by superiority of soul; not by height of position, but by height of fidelity; not by pre-eminence of powers, but by nobleness in the use of them. As the Master says, laying down the true rule of rank, not only in his kingdom, but in God's: "He is the greater who the better serves, and he that will be chief must be servant of all." Though Lord and Master, he claimed no exemption from the law, but boldly said, "I am among you as he that serveth."

But, friends, this talk about superiority of races is childish. Let the sciolist, if he will, keep to his bones. It is harmless business, so long as left to itself. But when his crude and partial theories, children as they are of the very babyhood of science, are made a cloak for injustice and oppression, this talk becomes base and criminal. If there be one point in Christianity and manliness more sacred and chivalrous than another, it is that the strong shall help the weak, and the high befriend the low. The great man says nothing about his greatness. By large service he wins, not exacts homage. It is the bully, the coward, the knave who is anxious to assert superiority. Unable to maintain it by true service, he exacts it by violence, oppression and fraud. Which has the white race done? Is not the answer bitterly mortifying? Did the white race take the black in strong brother-arms, and lift it up, and bid it be strong and full of manly life, would it not show a superiority which now it only vaunts? Would it not show the great man's faith in his own superiority, by thus inviting, without fear, the utmost competition that the black could bring? Now it is as jealous of him as though sure he would pluck away its crown. Is not this strange in a race conscious of being superior? Does it not show a lurking fear that its superiority, after all, may prove a sham?

The truth is that as between man and woman, *neither is superior in all respects, each is in some.* Each has its place and work. There it is superior. When taking the other's place and work each is inferior. That God has made both is proof that both are needed. The earth needs both for its proper tending. They need each other. Neither can be perfected without the other. Both are alike human. Their rights, their duties, and their responsibilities are the same, and never will either reach its perfection until this is frankly recognized and loyally acted on. Which, friends, comes nearer its recognition and acting out to-day, the black or the white? Is not the black wiser in his ignorance, who knows itself ignorant, than the white in his folly who counts itself wisdom? Ah! were the blessed Master on earth to day, where would he be? In the palaces and cathedrals too costly for the poor to worship in of the white, or the hovels and lowly chapels of the black? In both? Yes, but in the one as in the temple of old when his scourge drove out the money-changers, in the other with the accents of an unutterable compassion.

See how the white man has done his part of this duty of which I have spoken. Thirty-one million Africans he has sent to death or foreign slavery, a multitude equal to the whole population of our country. Of the fifteen and a half millions which the slave-ship bore toward the Western world, more than three millions were cast into the Atlantic. Well might one say: "Did the yawning waves open deep enough one might almost look to see a reef of shackled skeletons marking out the path of the deadly slave-ship, and stretching like a connecting rib between the two continents whose destinies man thus fatally joined together and which God now refuses to put asunder." The twelve millions who reached our Western world, instead of now numbering over 130,000,000, have actually diminished, the laws of population having been reversed, "at a rate which, had it spread over the habitable earth, would have extinguished in a few centuries all human existence." And although, happily, slavery did not last long enough in our country to reach its worst waste of life here, so that the half million who came to North America increased ninefold, while the eleven and a half reaching the West Indies and South America decreased to less than two thirds of the original number, the law of increase of population was here too gradually reversing during the last thirty years at the rate of one per cent. a year. Is this astounding record incredible? Perhaps it is below the truth. Can tongue tell the woe hidden in these terrible figures? Are they a handsome witness to the superiority of our white humanity? Does not such a humanity sorely need an infusion of gentler blood?

But though we forgot the black man's manhood, God did not. Through suffering God bore him up to life. And his oppressors? Instead of to-day being the crowded abode of a happy and noble civilization, South and Central America are overshadowed by the darkness of the Middle Ages, and our proud country has been convulsed by civil war. Out of that war the black man has come, verily the Lord's freedman—called in ways and with signs and wonders of which Paul little thought. How grandly his manhood vindicated itself! How superbly he bore himself! How wisely he understood the time! How he forgave and forgot past wrongs! How valiant he was where even brave men might quail! How loyal to the right he was! In what contrast of superiority to the white men about him, the educated even more markedly than the ignorant! His manhood is not doubted now. Indeed it never was, really, only in pretence and for a purpose.

The slave! oh no, we never mention him,
His name is never heard,
Our lips are now so forbid to speak
That once familiar word.

And here he is, this child of wrong, like his Saviour—"a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," but "bruised for our transgressions," among those who, jealous of his color, his freedom and his progress, will hinder his advance by every means that craft and selfishness can frame; in an atmosphere heavy with the influences of slavery; with the habits, vices, and weaknesses of his old life; his chains broken indeed, but himself not out of prison; freed, and yet how far from being free; acknowledged a man at last, and yet not treated like a man; making an appeal moving enough to draw tears from hearts of stone. What does he need?

I. First. *To be respected.*

From his condition our country took her shame—then received her honor. From him came her Southern prosperity. From him the South must largely take its character and receive its prosperity still. For it is his home, and only he can generously thrive there. The North is the white man's home, where the black does not thrive. Justly and wisely treated, he will people the South with loyal and prosperous millions, hating slavery and identifying their liberties with the Republic and the North, and thus cementing the Union as it never was before. Indeed, paradox though it sound, this is the only way in which you can keep him down. For, if you again wrong him, you have not only him but God to deal with. Has not God bitterly taught us what that means? Have we not found him the Lord's freedman? Have we not, under God, received at his black hands our country and our liberties? If, as alas! there are ominous signs of our doing, we play the treacherous slaveholder's part, and, having secured through him our rights, withhold his, the destiny of the nation passes again into his hands. And when the day comes, as come it will, which once more sees her life trembling in the balance, we shall not know where to turn to look for any friend—her one true friend basely sacrificed.

Is not here a valid claim to respect? But how vastly it is strengthened in view of the qualities of character he has to contribute! In slavery's utter degradation, instead of folding his hands and preferring death to work, he not only supported his master, but, rising above his lot, he worked besides to better his condition. When the chance of vengeance came, he answered hideous and protracted wrongs with good. The mighty gift of freedom he received, not with wassail and shameful orgies, but on bended knees with thanksgiving to Almighty God. Would you read the most moving story of all history, read that of the First of August, 1834, in the West Indies. He has an untailing mirthfulness. Music, too, is natural to him. Have you ever thought that the only characteristic music our country has produced is "Negro Melodies?" Then he is reverent. He is not profane. Of delicate sensibilities and nice sense of fitness, he becomes a model of politeness. A friend once, on returning from a visit to New York, told me that the only person he was sure of a polite answer from was a negro. Gentle, affectionate, self-denying, he is imitative and receptive. What tales of devotion and self-sacrifice adorn his sad history! And, chief of all, does any other race show so great a sense of God and faith in God? Long ago Swedenborg said that, of all the Gentiles, the Africans are the most beloved in heaven, because they received the goods and truths of heaven more readily than others. I heard a religious teacher say early in the war, who went to preach among them, that he never had known before—he thought he knew full well—what faith meant. He went, a teacher: he became a learner. Have you ever noticed the black man's aptness for the higher forms of religion? Unlike the white, who passed through Romanism, he goes naturally to Protestantism.

Need I say, in view of all this, how vast the gain to the white race were its really noble qualities filled out and tempered by the addition of these? White men and women, does not our race sorely need just these? Was our receiving them part of that providential purpose in permitting the African's transfer to this continent whose mystery is so awful? Would they not make us less profane, more devout, more conscientious, stronger in faith? Would they not make our Bible a new book to us? And what is all this but to lead us into a higher life?

Of such moment is the colored man to us. How to realize all this good and make on this continent a nobler race of men is the splendid and perplexing problem given our nation to work out. Here are the two races side by side—among each other. Each has great qualities which the other needs. How shall these qualities become universal, and so a nobler type of manhood arise? "Impossible," do you say? Nay, unless God forbid. Is not God driving us to it? It began, if not before, when, side by side, black men and white fought, bled and died for Freedom and the Republic. In death's red stream was not their blood one? Could any detect a difference of color there? It recurs in the necessity, if we would secure our country's dear-bought life and liberties, of giving him, the almost only true Southern loyalist, the ballot. And it will go on, if we remove the hindrances. They lie to us, in our prejudice against color, our conceit of superiority, or habit of injustice to him. These cost us a thousandfold more than they cost him. He will rise in spite of them. And yet what mean and cruel difficulties they throw into his way. But while him they hinder, they corrupt us. Despising him, we degrade ourselves. The war showed us how much more deadly a curse slavery was to the slaveholder than to the slave. Just so the wrongs we visit on the freedman will react more terribly on ourselves. We can save our own souls only by making his cause our own. Assert we his manhood, his equality before God, his equal rights before the law, his right to social consideration and regard—every right, in fact, that we claim for ourselves, yes, every *privilege* that we claim for ourselves, and on the same terms; ignore we his color, not *him*, as heretofore, making no invidious distinction between him and ourselves; then shall we but do simplest justice and open the way to our receiving all the good which God is waiting to bestow.

* * * * * * *

An anti-slavery society has no more business to be stirring, now-a-days, than a dead man to be walking about with his coffin.—*N. Y. Times.*

To the *Times*, slavery means no more than the buying, and selling, and whipping, of negroes by law. To the negro himself slavery equally means persecution without law. So long as colored men are shot in Texas, held in practical bondage in Kentucky, and denied the right to vote in Pennsylvania—so long as such papers as the *Times* oppose their perfect enfranchisement—so long slavery does exist and anti-slavery societies have their work to do.—*Commonwealth.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN CUBA.—A correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, writing from Havana, Jan. 25, says:

"The Cuban fair sex are very much agitated on the question of woman's rights at present, and there are few countries where the women need more an extension of rights than here. Customs and usages commit the female sex to certain imprisonment, and they are never seen in the streets except when accompanied by a horde of venerable female relatives or of near blood relations, while all means of earning a livelihood, except as a seamstress, are denied them. A few are hairdressers or keep mattrass-stores, but the number is so insignificant that it cannot be taken into account. A Mr. Perez intends to publish a journal to propagate the idea of raising women in the social scale, and opening new avenues to them."

## OBITUARY.

ABNER BELCHER.

DIED at Wrentham, Mass., on the 26th January, 1868, Mr. ABNER BELCHER, aged 73.

To those who have known Mr. Belcher, who have felt the clasp of his hand, and been a witness to his life of purest simplicity and sweetest benevolence, words will seem but faint exponents of that life; to those who have not, words may tell somewhat of the character of him who has left us. Always a reformer, he was of that kind whose gentle but firm persistence overcomes, as Christ overcame, with love; for throughout his whole life there was a forgetfulness of self so visible, that the poorest and meanest felt themselves honored and strengthened in his presence.

In the first days of the Anti-Slavery movement, he was one of the most earnest workers in the cause, and many a colored man can remember shelter and help received from Mr. Belcher's hands, and always bestowed in such a way as made the black man forget his color—bestowed with that same spirit in which his Master helped the oppressed.

In those days neither popularity nor prosperity had smiled upon the Anti-Slavery cause, and many of the inhabitants of Wrentham will recall the scandal caused by the fact that Mr. Belcher took with his family to the church where he worshipped the poor colored people who had sought and found shelter with him. A negro in church, and out of the corner reserved for him, was too unprecedented to be passed over lightly.

He was in the earliest years a most fervent and effectual coadjutor of Mr. Garrison, and gave munificently to the cause he loved so well, considering it both a duty and a privilege to offer a large portion of the small income accruing from a rocky New England farm.

In this town, which has been the scene of Mr. Belcher's birth and death, hearts mourn him as one whose place can never be filled. In his last days, peaceful and glad, though so full of pain, there came to him stalwart men to receive once more the kind and gentle words that had never failed to accompany his benevolent deeds,—men who wept from the fulness of a sorrow in which was subdued happiness at thought of the future that awaited their friend. To the children of a good man, what can be said that shall make sweeter the memory of their father? Blessed and comforted indeed are these children, for the inheritance left them is the remembrance of a life pure and noble before God and man.

## LITERARY.

*The Herald of Health* for February contains an interesting article from H. W. Beecher on "The Use of Tobacco and Wine." Mrs. F. D. Gage contributes some wholesome thoughts on "The Physical Degeneracy of Woman." Mrs. E. O. Smith contends for the rights of women in "Choosing a Husband." Dr. G. H. Taylor explains the value of the Movement Cure in regulating the general system, and there are also other readable articles pertaining to physical culture.

The only public library in Alaska consists of about 1,500 volumes, with government records, maps and manuscripts. The only American volume is a copy of Wendell Phillips's speeches. The other volumes are printed in Russia, with a sprinkling of the Swedish, German and French.

S. Edwards Todd, agricultural editor of the New York *Times*, has written a book on "Wheat Culture," which will be published soon by Taintor, Bros. & Co.

Miss M. E. Dodge's "Irvington Stories" have been translated into the German language.

*Littell's Living Age*, No. 1236, contains an excellent biographical sketch of Jane Taylor, a continuation of the serial from *Blackwood's Magazine*, the "Brownlows," "Linda Tressel, part IV.," "A Review of the Character of Gen. Grant," from the *Spectator*, "The Coming President," from the *London Review*, "Baker's Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," from the *Saturday Review*, together with several other interesting articles.

## American Anti-Slavery Society.

*Acknowledgments for the Standard from Nov. 1st to Feb. 1st.*

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| 1438 Horace S. Shepard, | 2 75 |
| 1439 W. W. Dutcher, | 1 50 |
| 1501 C. H. B. Lilly, | 3 00 |
| 1490 Thomas Brown, | 3 00 |
| 1489 Dr. D. Hughes, | 3 00 |
| 1491 John J. Pinkerton, | 3 00 |
| 1491 John C. Williams, | 3 00 |
| 1490 Benj. B. Wiley, | 3 00 |
| 1468 James Hall, | 3 00 |
| 1475 Dr. J. Boyle, | 3 00 |
| 1470 George Taylor, | 3 00 |
| 1477 Edwin Wilbur, | 3 00 |
| 1480 Mary E. Page, | 3 00 |
| 1436 Helen M. Ireson, | 3 00 |
| 1485 Thos. T. Marriott, | 3 00 |
| 1502 Sarah Heston, | 3 00 |
| 1491 Lettie R. Atkinson, | 3 00 |
| 1465 Jacob Hayes, | 1 50 |
| 1491 C. M. Plumb, | 3 00 |
| 1490 Sam'l Wright, | 3 00 |
| 1491 Geo. E. Wagner, | 3 00 |
| 1444 Wm. Geld, | 3 00 |
| 1491 Peirce Garretson, | 3 00 |
| 1430 Solomon Lilley, | 3 00 |
| 1440 Amos Brosius, | 2 00 |
| 1491 Elizabeth P. Willets, | 3 00 |
| 1502 Harriet Parmenter, | 6 50 |
| 1491 Manuel Volday Urra | 3 00 |
| 1490 Joshua Hoopes, | 3 00 |
| 1460 Ira Steward, | 3 00 |
| 1490 Deborah Coates, | 3 00 |
| 1438 J. E. Paine, | 6 00 |
| 1441 Susan H. Talbot, | 1 00 |
| 1465 Thomas Lincoln, | 5 00 |
| 1491 Young Men's Christian Association, | 3 00 |
| 1436 Benj. Snow, Jr., | 3 00 |
| 1490 Mrs. Geo. Putnam, | 3 00 |
| 1456 Lydia G. Jarvis, | 3 00 |
| 1491 Maj. Wm. S. Morse, | 3 00 |
| 1439 Tho's A. Green, | 3 50 |
| 1542 B. U. Sims, | 6 00 |
| 1495 Henry Abbott, | 4 00 |
| 1443 Mrs. Wm. B. Greene, | 3 00 |
| 1449 S. B. Wearey, | 3 00 |
| 1426 Soloman Wilhelm, | 5 00 |
| 1484 Silas Pepoon, | 3 00 |
| 1438 Jos. G. Warren. | 9 00 |
| 1490 Eliza Yarnall, | 3 00 |
| 1490 Margaret J. Burleigh, | 3 00 |
| 1438 G. M. S. P. Jones, | 3 00 |
| 1490 Mary Grew, | 3 00 |
| 1491 Freeman Hatch, | 3 00 |
| 1465 Benjamin Laws, | 1 50 |
| 1465 Mrs. Emily Johnson, | 1 50 |
| 1474 Mrs. Elizabeth Washington, | 1 50 |
| 1455 Mrs. N. W. Gardner, | 3 00 |
| 1490 Rev. F. Frothingham, | 3 00 |
| 1455 Seward Mitchell, | 3 00 |
| 1493 J. K. H. Willcot, | 3 00 |
| 1493 Stephen Gardner, | 3 00 |
| 1510 James Catlin, | 6 00 |
| 1491 Wm. Potter, | 3 00 |
| 1493 Thomas N. Rooker, | 3 00 |
| 1451 Katy C. Atkins, | 1 00 |
| 1491 David Wells, | 3 00 |
| 1386 J. G. Dodge, | 3 00 |
| 1572 Chauncey B. Thorne, | 5 50 |
| 1438 J. T. Sharples, M.D., | 3 00 |
| 1506 F. T. Duporte, | 3 00 |
| 1479 P. Pixley, | 3 00 |
| 1437 J. M. Aldrich, | 2 50 |
| 1490 R. Humphrey, | 2 50 |
| 1487 M. L. Perry, | 2 50 |
| 1438 Charles Richardson, | 2 50 |
| 1487 J. H. Crossman, | 2 50 |
| 1490 Nathan Rockhill, | 3 00 |
| 1494 R. S. Haines. | 3 00 |
| 1494 Thomas Green, | 3 00 |
| 1490 Abm. W. Haines, | 3 00 |
| 1447 Ira Gray, | 3 00 |
| 1490 S. P. Parker, | 3 00 |
| 1495 J. McMillan, | 3 00 |
| 1491 Mrs. A. N. Kendall, | 3 00 |
| 1494 Mrs. Geo. S. Smith, | 3 00 |
| 1494 Milton E. Willis, | 3 00 |
| 1490 Charles W. Peirce, | 6 00 |
| 1442 Moses Kidder, | 5 25 |
| 1437 Emma J. Eppes, | 1 50 |
| 1490 Henry M. Laing, | 3 00 |
| 1438 R. W. Cox, | 3 00 |
| 1490 Emma Newbold, | 3 00 |
| 1494 Wm. Cox, | 3 00 |
| 1434 Sarah H. Garretson, | 20 |
| 1460 S. M. Dole, | 2 00 |
| 1495 Frances Tiffany, | 3 00 |
| 1495 David Twitchell, | 3 00 |
| 1495 David Howland, | 3 00 |
| 1469 Mrs. L. S. Frobock, | 1 50 |
| 1495 Mrs. K. R. Smith, | 3 00 |
| 1469 J. Harris, | 1 50 |
| 1495 C. Wellington, | 3 00 |
| 1460 Nathan'l G. Allen, | 3 00 |
| 1495 S. G. Gilmore, | 3 00 |
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# Miscellaneous Department.

## AT THE ALMS-HOUSE.

I am so old, so old. Well a day!
Fourscore and more years have passed away
And brought but labor and sorrow.
I'm wrinkled and gray—bent like a bow,
My speech gets foolish, so old, you know,
But I shall be younger to-morrow.

Stay with me, Hannah, and chat a bit,
My mind keeps running on the things that flit
Like the shadows there on the wall.
Thicker and faster they come and go;
And I'm so old and I think so slow,
That I cannot remember all.

But my good man was here at even;
And children—there used to be seven—
Were shouting at play in the lane.
Hark! seems to me some one was calling,
Or was it the elm branches falling,
Wind-tossed, 'gainst the cracked window-pane?

Nigh about forty years my good man—
Stir the fire, Hannah, bright if you can,
What was I saying? O, dead, dead,
Dead lies my good old man; and one, two, three,
More, perhaps—I'm forgetful, you see—
Of my children lie round his bed.

And some are not there; but they might be,
For all the good they've ever done me;
But I should have died years ago.
Now they've babes of their own to cherish,
And the old mother's left to perish.
It's the way of the world, you know.

Just now, I was plucking white daisies,
They grew so thick over their faces
They cover them all from my sight.
Ah, Hannah, I know it is snowing!
But they called me thrice; and I'm going
Again in the darkness, to-night.

Now bring my black cloak, for I shiver,
Good Hannah, I'm nearing the River,
The dear Lord is waiting, close by.
Fourscore years and more, all of sorrow:
But I shall be young with to-morrow,
So, pray let the old woman die.

## *ELEPHANTS.*

Like the rhinoceros and buffalo, whose skins are bare of hair, the elephant loves to wallow in the mud, and submits with great pleasure to being washed and scrubbed by its keeper. Thick as the hide is, it is very susceptible to mosquito bites, and I have seen an elephant spotted with blood from the probing of a large gadfly which is common in the Tenasserim hills, between 2,000 and 5,000 feet elevation. It dislikes heat, and on every occasion, during the summer season, seeks the shade. Should this not be available, it blows everything it can pick up on to its head and back, to ward off the rays of the sun: dust, straw, grass leaves, etc., the accumulation of which gives a ridiculous air to the animal—as if it had gone mad and crowned itself king of Rag Fair. Fatal instances of *coup de soleil* are not uncommon amongst these animals.

In its fondness for water, the elephant, notwithstanding its cautious sagacity, sometimes comes to grief. In 1830 one found its way into a deep but small tank at Dinapore, and was unable to get out till they had half filled the pond with large faggots, which the wise beast kept putting under its feet, till it had raised itself sufficiently to step out. In 1833 an elephant at Sonepoor, opposite Patna, met with a worse fate. It had waded into the Gunduck river, near the junction of that stream with the Ganges, till it stepped into a quicksand. Its efforts to emerge merely worked it deeper and deeper into the dreadful trap. When its driver and others had cut down branches and plantain trees, made faggots of them, and cast them within reach of the poor animal's trunk, it had sunk too deeply to avail itself of the assistance. If it could but have disengaged one leg, under which to place a firm substance, all might have been well; but it was not to be. Slowly, slowly, but surely, it settled in its living tomb. It was some hours before they lost sight of the poor ~~pe~~s staring piteously at the spectators on the shore. It was long before the head itself had sunk under the turbid stream, and when towards sunset I had arrived at the spot, on my way from Hajipoor to Patna, nothing but the end of the trunk was visible, sucking in the last gulps of air the poor creature was unable to inhale. The noisy and ostentatious grief of natives has certainly much of humbug in it, and excites our contempt rather than sympathy; but I am convinced the old mahout in this instance was as sincere as loud in his lamentations; and when the dreadful lingering scene of torture came to a close—when the gaping nostrils themselves sunk level with the stream, and the water, pouring gurgling in, sounded the death knell of the poor patient beast—a chill of horror crept over me, and tears came to my eyes as I turned sickened away.

Although the elephant, as a rule, is the most tractable and submissive of the animals man has brought into subjection, an individual one is occasionally met with who retains to the last an uncertain and treacherous disposition. Some become dangerous under the periodical returns of sexual excitement, and now and then the gentlest of them will grow frantic under a sudden panic; while, on the other hand, habitually morose and dangerous brutes appear sometimes to repent a hasty outburst of their fury. A large and high-couraged tusker, the property of Colonel (the late Sir Thomas) Wilkinson, then Governor-General's agent for the south-west frontier, some time in 1835 or 1836 killed his driver's assistant or grass-cutter, who had taken him into the jungle to water. When the man and elephant were missed from camp and searched for, they found the latter standing quietly over the grass-cutter's body, which he had covered with leaves and appeared to be taking the greatest care of. He was led back to camp and remained dull and tractable for some days, as if brooding over his misdeeds.

In 1836 an elephant belonging to the commissariat of the late Ramgurh battalion, while picketed in camp, was startled by a native suddenly crossing close in front of him, and with one blow of his trunk broke so many of the man's ribs that the skin over his chest puffed out and collapsed alternately, as he breathed, in a manner frightful to behold. The man continued for a long time in a precarious state. In 1834, when I was a subaltern attached to a party escorting treasure from Bankoora to Burdwan, an elephant, a perfectly quiet beast, belonging to a detachment which was halted near a village called Indas, strayed into a paddock where a tattoo (native pony) and its foal were grazing. Whether the little mare was suddenly possessed by an evil spirit, or whether it's maternal feelings became excited beyond control at so huge a beast approaching its young one, it is impossible to conjecture; but she attacked the elephant tooth and hoof. The latter tried all in his power to avoid his assailant, but in vain. He retreated but only to be followed up, pawed, and bitten. He turned round his india-rubber rear to depart, but only to have that portion of his frame saluted with a shower of kicks that sounded like blows on an immense drum; till at last the persecuted animal, losing all patience, wheeled suddenly round, dashed the tattoo to the ground with one blow of his trunk, and then set off, tail in air, through the bazar, upseting sheds and stalls, and causing much trouble before he was brought back. The tattoo had been killed on the spot.

In 1855 a Karen and his son, a boy, were travelling in the Amherst district of Tenasserim, the man riding his elephant, and the lad walking close in front of the animal along the narrow forest path; when one of those small cyclones, so common during the hot weather, and called by the natives of Upper India "Shaitans" or devils, passed across, causing a violent rustling amongst the trees, a branch from which was blown upon the elephant. In an instant the startled animal laid the boy dead at his feet by a sudden stroke of its trunk. Such occurrences, however, are fortunately very rare; and the elephant is throughout India an honest, faithful servant, and in Burma and Tenasserim the patient drudge and willing slave of the Karem and the Shan who settle in those lonely forests.

When using his trunnk offensively, the elephant does not strike with it extended, or wield it, as is generally imagined. He rolls it up tightly, and then suddenly unrolling the vertical coil, sends the trunk straight at the object of attack, as scientifically as a well-trained boxer hits out from the shoulder. The charge of an infuriated tusker is, of course, tremendous. When elephants fight together, they meet like battering-rams, forehead to forehead; but the tusks are not brought into play till one of the combatants turns. The conqueror then applies them vigorously to the retreating hind-quarters. When any other animal is attacked, such as a tiger or a bear, the elephant charges down upon his elbows, endeavoring to get the animal under his fore feet, trunk, and tusks, and this he does with such a shock that he sometimes sends the mahout, the sportsman, the attendant behind, and all the guns and apparatus flying over his head. None but old tuskers, however, have been known to behave in so very energetic a manner, and therefore steady females are preferred for the purpose of tiger-shooting. These will stand their ground even if in covert so dense that the tiger cannot well be seen before he is felt; but they generally tremble in a manner which sadly disconcerts the aim. An elephant that will neither charge nor bolt nor tremble, is well worth £300 to a keen sportsman. A bolter is a dreadful, and indeed dangerous, nuisance. When an elephant runs it is for at least a mile or two, in spite of every effort to stop it; and in its flight it rushes off heedless of obstacles, and if trees bar the way, will dash under and through branches, which sweep its back of driver, rider and all belonging to them. If an elephant fall, which it will do sometimes, the shock is grievous; but the animal luckily cannot go beyond its nose, which brings it up, and prevents such a catastrophe as a roll over.

Fireworks are used sometimes when it is required to dislodge an animal from very dense and deep covert; but the effect of them on elephants is generally disastrous. On one occasion, in the jungles of Tirhoot, I formed one of a tiger party, provided with a tolerably large number of pad elephants for beating. A tiger had been marked into a deep, precipitous ravine, so densely covered with thicket that the bottom was quite invisible. To beat it was impossible, and the clever expedient was proposed of plying the covert well with fireworks. We were furnished with these in the shape of "anars," or things between a cracker and a jack-in-the-box, which keep up a great shower of sparks and a succession of bangs, and a tiger who could have stood a volley of such must have been something supernatural. A liberal supply of these missiles was served out to each of us, and we selected good positions along the sides of the ravine, feeling as sure of the tiger as if he already lay extended on the pad. We then, beaters and all, lit our anars at the word of command, and threw them into the ravine. The preliminary fizzing engrossed the alarmed attention of the elephants; we began to have some doubts of their awaiting the sortie of the besieged; and in another instant, when sparks shot hissing up through the covert, and a popping and banging began like the fire of light infantry, we were all off, sailing away like radii from a centre, and bidding adieu to tiger and ravine and each other. It was fully an hour before the steadiest of our elephants could be re-assembled; some, I believe, fled the country altogether; and as to what became of the tiger, nobody hazarded the vaguest conjecture.

The elephant, in a state of domestication, is liable to many diseases—less so, I have remarked, however, amonst the Karens and Burmans than with our mahouts in India. Sore eyes and sore feet are of frequent occurrence; and in Bengal the owner of an elephant is often greeted with the report that the animal has been eating earth, and is therefore laid up, just as he is wanted for some excursion. This eating of earth is an act which, whether accidental or purposed, often recurs, and affects the animal severely; nor is it sometimes cured of the effects until after many days and several exhibitions of purgative medicine. During hot, dry weather these animals are liable to sunstroke, a supposed preventive of which is ghee (melted buffalo butter), which is daubed daily over the elephant's head if the animal be liable to the regular inspection of the master, or finds its way into the mahout's curry and rice if there be no such supervision. The Karens and Shans do not, however, take any such precaution; but I never heard of sunstroke amongst their elephants. This, however, may be owing in measure to the moister and milder heat of Burma, and the shady forests in which the elephants usually live.

The elephant is said to cease growing at forty, and to attain a hundred years of age. At about eighty or ninety it grows thin, and the face wrinkles up, and falls in, as much as with the human subject. The only one I have ever seen die a natural death, did so in a sitting posture. She was very old, her keeper said, and had been long declining, and at the last she sat on her elbows and knees for three days and nights before the breath finally left her, which it did without any alteration in her posture. It was in the camp of the old 34th N. I.—now no more—during the Cole campaign of 1833–34. We had been pitched for about a week in a dreary, unhealthy clearing in the jungle, and were rejoiced when the order to move came, which it did the day the elephant died. I was on the rear-guard the morning of the march, and of necessity the last to leave the ground. By sunrise the tents were struck, loaded, and marched off, and the usual impediments of a regiment cleared away. The motley crowd of camp-followers and commissariat cattle had departed after the column, and the little plain, lately so teeming with busy life, lay bare and silent as the rearguard marched slowly off, leaving nothing to mark our recent presence but the smouldering embers and broken pots abandoned by the Hindoos; a few vagabond dogs which wandered about, sniffling for the refuse rice that lay scattered here and there; and in the background the dead elephant, sitting like a solemn statue in a Sphinx-like posture. She appeared to be gazing, in her solitary watch, along the path her late companions had passed over. It really struck me as the most dreary scene I remembered to have witnessed. I felt as if we were wronging the old beast in leaving her body to the foul hyenas night would bring forth. I could not help gazing again at the motionless form—upright, as if still alive. It seemed to attract my eye, look where I would; and, when I turned my horse's head to depart, poor "Choonee," in her stony silence, appeared to reproach us all for our desertion.

## UNSEEN.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

How do the rivulets find their way?
How do the flowers know the day,
And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach,
And the nestlings know the old bird's speech:
I do not see who is there to teach.

I see the hare from danger hide,
And the stars through the trackless spaces ride;
I do not see that they have a guide.

He is eyes for all, who is eyes for the mole;
All motion goes to the rightful goal.
O God! I can trust for the human soul.

## *SLIDING DOWN HILL.*

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is nothing in the tropics that can console a man doomed to dwell there, for the loss of northern Winters. Monkeys and humming birds, gorgeous flowers and gigantic vegetation, insects, reptiles, and luscious fruits, which you cannot eat without a cholera, sweltering nights and roasting days! Deliver us from the intolerable delights of a tropical luxury.

But a Northern Winter is full of bracing joys. In door all is ruddy and social, and out of doors all is energy and manly joy! A man who has blood and vital spirits glories in the cold of Winter. But of all sports, what one can claim superiority over *coasting;* or, as in our boyhood days it was called—sliding down hill?

Long before we attained the age of a sled, two barrel staves fastened together by the knowing workmen, served an excellent purpose, and required no mean skill in sitting and steering. A slight mistake in balancing, and the boy and staves changed places, the boy under and the sliding machine on top—and then gradually rolling into a promiscuous heap, out of which came some ripping remarks not made by the sled.

Next came the glory of full and real *sledship*—a sled with runners, and iron or steel shod; a sled painted and lettered! With that we defied the thermometer, and set our faces against the north wind! And now the long hill, a full half-mile, is sought, not all of a gentle slope, nor yet too steep, but properly made up, as all hills should be, with a gradual beginning, then a pitch quite steep, then another long middle slope, a jounce here, a rullock there, a sweep yonder around a point, and a fetching-up place right along the river! On such a hill-top, with a glorious sled, well muffled and mittened, the boy seats himself upon his sled prouder than ever sat king upon his throne!

Away he goes, with nimble feet reaching out before him (for a sled carries its rudder at its bow), and whose heels with skilful touch steer the flying machine. See him make a leap over the rullock, lifted clear into the air, and coming down with a jounce that makes everything crack! Boys have springs inside of them, under every muscle, on all sides of each bone, and come down with a spring bound, that cars and carriages may envy, but cannot hope to attain!

None of your belly-flounder! This lying down on a sled, like a buckwheat cake on a griddle; or that sideway sitting on the hind end of it, with one leg cork-screwed out behind for steering, are not the thing. They are not orthodox. They savor of a compliance with weakness and timidity. A real boy should sit upon his sled fair and square, with his face to his work, and ready to meet all difficulties with his breast to them.

Nor let any one decry the long tramp up hill that follows this fierce flight downward. What if it is long, the sled hanging behind, the way slippery, and withal some perils of those avalanches of other boys that come roaring and whirling down? The going up is still an indispensable part of the epic. It is the *dark* that gives power to the high light. The *up* makes, by contrast, the very glory of the *down*.

We never see the snow on the ground, old as we are, that we do not feel the very spirit of the sled again. And now, an old man, we would if we could, mount and plunge down the hill again. Though a man's hair is as white as the snow under his feet, he need not be ashamed of a voyage on a sled!

One Winter not long ago, when in New Bedford, we found a long street refused to horse vehicles, and set apart to sleds. The selectmen, or whatever their names were, at the public expense, carted on snow where the track was worn; iced it by water thrown on every night; stationed a band of music there; had torches lit and placed along the sides; and the generous people, catching the spirit, illuminated their houses, and this preparation was thrown open to men, women and children. That city is civilized. That part of the millenium which consists in sliding down hill, we begin first in New Bedford!

## *SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.*

The Countess Cornelia Bandini, of the town of Cesena, in Italy, enjoyed a tolerable good state of health, although she had reached the age of sixty-two, notwithstanding her addiction to ardent spirits and strong wines. Having one evening experienced a sort of drowsiness, she retired to bed at an hour ealier than usual; and her maid remained with her until she fell fast asleep. On the following morning, when the girl repaired to her mistress' bedroom, she found nothing but the remains of the Countess' body in the most horrid condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed was a heap of ashes, in which could be distinguished the legs and arms untouched. Between the legs lay the head, the brains of which, together with half of the posterior part of the cranium, remained; but the whole of the chin had been consumed. Two fingers had been found in the state of a coal; and the body itself was reduced to ashes. The ashes, when touched, left on the finger a fat and fetid moisture.

A small lamp, which stood on the floor, was covered with ashes, and had no oil in it. The tallow of two candles was melted on a table, but the wicks remained untouched, and the feet of the candlesticks were covered with a certain moisture. The bed was not damaged. The bedclothes and coverlets were raised on one side, as if a person had just got up from the bed. The furniture and tapestry were covered with a moist soot, the color of ashes, which had penetrated the drawers and souled the linen. This soot, having been conveyed to a neighboring kitchen, adhered to the walls and utensils; a piece of bread in a cupboard was covered with it, and no dog would touch it. The same infectious odor had been communicated to other apartments.

Grace Pitt, the wife of a fishmonger at Ipswich, aged about sixty, had contracted a habit, which she continued for several years, of going down stairs in the middle of the night, half-dressed, and smoking a pipe. She was, moreover, accustomed to partake largely of ardent spirits previously to retiring to rest. One night she got up from her bed and went down stairs as usual; her daughter, who slept with her, did not perceive that she was absent until the next morning when she awoke. The young woman rose and dressed herself, and then proceeded to the kitchen, where she found her mother stretched on the right side, with her head near the grate, the body extended upon the hearth, and the legs upon the floor. This floor was made of wood, and had the appearance of being burnt without any apparent flame.

On beholding the hideous spectacle the girl ran in great haste to fetch some water, a large quantity of which she poured over the body of her mother to extinguish the fire which was still burning in the region of the left bosom; but the dreadful fetid odor that was exhaled from the corpse almost suffocated the neighbors, who repaired to the daughter's assistance. The trunk was in some measure incinerated, and resembled a heap of coals covered over with white ashes. The head, the legs, the arms, and the thighs had also participated in the burning. The unhappy victim had drunk an extraordinary quantity of spirits on the preceding day, in consequence of having received tidings that another of her daughters had just returned from Gibraltar. There was no fire in the grate; and the candle was found entirely burnt out in the socket of the candlestick, which was close by her. Near the body there was also a child's clothes and a paper screen, which had not sustained the slightest injury, although placed within the scope of its fury had it been a natural flame.

In the month of February, 1770, Maria Jauffrett, widow of Nicholas Gravier, shoemaker, and who resided at Aix, in Provence, France, was burned to death in her apartment. She had long been addicted to the vice of intemperance, and her frame was exceedingly bloated and unhealthy when her terrible end took place by means of spontaneous combustion. Two eminent surgeons of the vicinity were commissioned by the local authorities to make a report of the state of the body. They found only a mass of ashes and a few bones, calcined in such a manner that at the least pressure they crumbled into dust. The bones of the cranium, one hand and one foot had in some measure resisted the action of the fire. Near the remains stood a table, untouched, and under the table a small stove, the grating of which, having been long burnt, afforded an aperture through which it is probable that the fire had been communicated; one chair, which stood near the flames, had the seat and fore feet burnt. In other respects there was no appearance of fire, either in the chimney or the apartment; so that except the fore part of the chair, it appeared to the medical gentlemen that no other combustible matter contributed to this speedy incineration, which was effected in the space of seven or eight hours.

Curious California Legend.—A letter from the Yo Semite Valley contains the following interesting account of the ghost of Po-ho no. I mentioned the incident of an Indian woman and her child being swept over the Po-ho-no, or Bridal Veil Falls. The stream has its source in a small lake twelve or thirteen miles above the cataract. The east side of the lake is inclosed by a high semi-circular wall, which, being at a great elevation, gives direction to the wind, so that the water is nearly always kept in the condition of a whirlpool. The Indians say that several of their people have lost their lives there; none who have fallen into the whirlpool have ever emerged alive, and in consequence of this alleged fatality they call the lake, outlet and cataract by the sinister name of Po-ho-no, meaning Spirit of the Evil Wind. It is related that an Indian woman who was gathering roots and berries on the steep hill-side above the falls, lost her footing, fell into the stream, and was swept over the awful precipice. This incident has given the simple people a superstitious horror of the place; they cannot be persuaded to camp or lie down to sleep near the dreaded Po-ho-no; nor do they dare to point or look toward it as they hurry past, on pain of some horrid misfortune, which will proceed from the malevolent and turbulent spirit. They say that ever since the full of the moon, and always preceding violent storms, supernatural forms are seen moving backward and forward along the crest of the falls, leaping down with the foaming waters and again ascending with the spray. Strange noises, like the shriek of a woman or the wail of a child, are heard amid the thunder of the cataract, and when not a breath of wind disturbs the sombre branches of the pine or the sensitive leaves of the cotton-wood, an invisible but mighty hand seems to seize the fan-like torrent, waving it from side to side like the unfolding of a vast shroud. At intervals near the top of the falls, a skeleton may be seen in the clear moonlight, climbing along the precipitous rocks, holding the skull of an infant to her fleshless breast, and thus leaping down the naked precipice, where Ah-wah-ne and her child were lost. For many years none of the people have ventured near that ill-omened and horrible place which is under the dominion of the "Spirit of the Evil Wind." They do not hunt near the lake, approach or even look toward the falls, but hurry past with averted faces lest they provoke the fatal anger of the Po-ho-no. In their traditions, the ill-fated mother is still remembered with reverence and love, and they call the valley by her name, Ah-wah-ne, while the mighty rock, standing opposite, bleak, solitary, and eternal in its loneliness, is named Tu-toch-ah-mulah, or Great Chief of the Valley. When the storm rages, and skeleton shapes leap into each other's embrace from the crest of the great fall, the lightning wreaths its fiery crown about the lifeless summit of the rock, where not even a stunted cedar or melancholy fern can find existence, and there transfixed by conscience, and petrified with eterna horror, Tu-toch-ah-mulah is a perpetual witness of the place where perished the hapless Ah-wah-ne.

## THREE SHIPS.

Three precious ships I sent
From land-locked haven to an ocean blue,
Whereon no vague and dim horizon bent
Down on the outward view.

One to Elysian Isles
Clasped in the bosom of the passionate deep,
And round and round, through throbbing, liquid miles
Kissed to ecstatic sleep.

One to a glorious shore,
Whose stainless mountain summit struck the sky,
Each bearing grandly up for evermore
A name that could not die.

One to the Fortunate Land,
Whose sunset clouds were piled barbarian gold,
And swift below whose drifts of silver sand
Pearl-pebbled rivers rolled.

The first went down in sight
Of the Elysian Isles; along its keel
The soft impulses of their waves of light
Had just begun to steal.

In some obscure lagoon
The next ship rots, or on some desert coast;
Of it no tidings ever came, and soon
Its very name was lost.

With ruined rope and sail,
Seams open wide, lost helm, and broken mast,
Back from vain struggles with misfortune's gale
Unfreighted came the last.

So fated my precious ships
That to the visioned ocean gave the sail,
With wildly beating heart yet silent lips
For aye I saw them fall.

But in a later year,
When the dark storm of loss was over-blown
Without a hope, and yet without a fear,
I sailed the sea alone.

Not from a sheltered bay,
To Dreamlands full in sight along the sea,
My ship of Life pursues a luminous way
Into Eternity.

But from a barren strand,
Strewn with the wrecks of many an early gale;
And far below the horizon lies the land,
Darkly to which I sail.

Though unseen currents drift,
And head winds beat me back with stubborn force,
And soft Morganas from the ocean lift
To lure me from my course.

If I with patience stand
Fast by the helm, and count as lost no day
Through which my utmost strength of heart and hand
Is given to keep away.

I know my ship will ride
At last where baffling winds are never ridden,
Nor current drifts—safe anchored on the tide
That laves the shores of Heaven.

A Russian Village.—Among the wildest of the wild steppes of Russia, and in the heart of the corn countries, built in a straggling line, the main and only street being about twice as wide as Piccadilly at its widest part. It may extend perhaps a long English mile, perhaps two, from one end to the other. The reason of its length is that every hut has a yard belonging to it about as large as Grosvenor Square, sometimes twice or three times as large. The yard serves no purpose in particular. It is a mere waste of good ground. It becomes a huge dust-heap in summer, and a bog or quagmire during the rest of the year. The huts, generally situated all alone at the extreme of a corner facing the road, have a peculiarly miserable appearance. They are built of mud and faggots, coarsely whitened, and have thatched roofs, usually with large holes in them. Every hut is divided by a clay stove into two dim holes and is floored with dried manure. This "Kirpitch" is also the only fuel used. Few of these huts have any windows. Some of them have no doors. Everything betokens decay, misery, listlessness, indifference to any of the comforts or decencies of human life. The village looks precisely what it is, a place inhabited almost entirely by drunken men and women, utterly ignorant, utterly brutalized and demoralized by despotic government. Their sole pleasure in this world is drink. There is not a garden, not a fruit tree, not a shrub in sight; not a flower, not a singing bird, not a nag horse or a pet calf about. No pleasant apple-faced old woman spinning in a doorway, no girl singing as she carries her milk and eggs to market. Nothing which makes the charm and beauty of an English or a German village. All is black, dreary, forbidding. Even Nature herself is sad in a Russian village. A few gaunt, thin pigs walk about, hide bound, grubbing discontentedly for offal. Bands of large, shaggy, fierce dogs rush out from every yard on the passer-by, and must be stoned back to their kennels before they will allow him to go upon his way. There are only two exceptions to this universal wretchedness and squalor. Upon the highest elevation near the village stands a beautiful church, and there is not a man nor a woman in the neighborhood but who has subscribed to it. The Boyard (or squire) himself, who gives nothing for any other object, gives munificently to that. So the church is full of thank-offerings and sacrifices of the community. In itself a graceful and imposing structure, every nook and corner within is resplendent with gold and silver jewels. The only remaining exception to the distressing appearance of a Russian village is the trim cottage of the land agent. It looks like a rich English citizen's villa dropped down by enchantment in the midst of a barren wilderness. It is substantially and even elegantly built. It has hot-houses, stabling, coach-houses, and a great deal of smart new paint about it.

No Music in the East.—The Asiatic has no ear and no soul for music. Like other savages and children he loves a noise, and he plays on shrill pipes—on the tarabuka, on the tar or tambourine, and a sharp, one-stringed fiddle, or rahal. Of course in your first oriental day, you will decline no invitations, but you will grow gradually deaf to all entreaties of friends or dragomen to sally forth and hear music. You will remind him that you did not come to the East to go to Bedlam. The want of music is not strange—for silence is natural to the East and the tropics. When sitting quietly at home in midsummer, sweeping ever sunward in the glowing heats, we at length reach the tropics in the fixed fervor of a July noon; the day is rapt, the birds are still, the wind swoons, and the burning sun glares silence on the world. The Orient is that primeval and perpetual noon; that very heat explains to you the voluptuous elaboration of its architecture, the brilliance of its costume, the picturesqueness of its life. But no Mozart was needed to sow Persian gardens with roses breathing love and beauty; no Beethoven to build Himalayas; no Rossini to sparkle and sing with the birds and streams. Those realities are there of which the composers are the poets to Western imaginations. In the East you see and feel music, but hear it never. The Syrian songs of the desert are very sad. They harmonize with the burning monotony of the landscape in their long recitative and shrill wail. The camel steps more willingly to that natural music; but the Howadji, swaying upon his back, is tranced in the sound, so naturally born of silence.

Poetry.—Poetry, as we believe, preserves and purifies language, cultivates good taste, helps memory, fills the mind with fair images, and high, unselfish thoughts, wondrously increases our perception and enjoyment of natural beauty, relieves the pain of our usual lack or poverty of expression, shaping and bringing within compass multifarious thoughts and feelings, otherwise inexpressible. But the boon of boons, including all the rest, is the general enlargement, elevation, emancipation of the soul. Poetry universalizes. In its last result it is never despondent, but inspired with the loftiest joy and courage. It begins in the glad sense of universal beauty, and when it bestows the same glad sense upon its bearers, its result is accomplished. Here and there you will find a short poem, exceptional, expressing a despondent mood, but the best poetry, in its total effect, is cheerful and encouraging. Even when it treats of sorrow, of pain, of death, it is sympathetic, but not despondent and gloomy. The very production of the exceptional sad poem indicates a degree of victory over sadness. The "Iliad," treating much of war, wounds, and violent death, is animated and exhilarating throughout; of Dante's great poem, the first part is most read for its fierce picturesqueness and dreadful fascination, but the second is an ascending symphony of hope and faith, and the third part a hymn of heavenly rapture. Chaucer is cheerful as the green landscape after a Spring shower; Spencer full of rich vivacity and bold adventure; Shakspeare's book a multifarious world of movement and interest; nothing did Goethe so much abhor, in life and in literature, as despondency, discouragement.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

A Curious Machine—Perpetual Motion Realized.—Whether mechanical perpetual motion is or is not among human possibilities has long been a disputed point, but what seems a realization of this desideratum in physics, or causes so near it as to leave mind at a loss and set argument at defiance is a piece of mechanism which belongs to Dr. M. Loomis of this city,

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To whatever status philosophers or physicists may assign it, it is certainly a marvel, and has no equal. Its seprate pieces can easily be taken apart and texamined in its every minutin, and when readjusted it assumes its wonted motion without external assistance.—*Washington Star.*

The Use of Pepper.—Pepper is an almost universal condiment. Black pepper irritates and inflames the coatings of the stomach. Red pepper does not irritate, consequently it should be used instead of black pepper. It was known to the Romans, and has been used in the East Indies from time immemorial, as it corrects that flatulence which attends the large use of vegetable food. Persons in health do not need any pepper in their food. But to those of weak and languid stomachs it is far more healthy to use cayenne pepper at meals than any form of wine, brandy or beer that can be named, because it stimulates without the reactions of sleepiness or debility.


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